

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO WARWICKSHIRE: THE PRINCE OF WALES REVIEWING THE WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY CORPS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Notwithstanding that it is forbidden to annoy the London pigeons, Mr Edmund Gosse has been fluttering the dovecotes of Paternoster Row. He has accused the poor birds—whose simplicity and innocence are a proverb—of greed and cruelty, especially in their relations with the hawk. The Society of Pigeon Fanciers is, naturally, in a state of the highest indignation. "What! our birds greedy? Our birds, who are well known to be fed (when fed at all) from the mere crumbs from the hawk's table, accused of carrying off his quatern loaf! Was ever such a monstrous charge?" It was at the hawk's table, too—the Booksellers' dinner—that Mr. Gosse gave utterance to it. To please his hosts, to curry favour with his natural enemies—for he is a pigeon himself—did that gentleman, it is averred, invent this unparalleled slander. He is a poet, but that does not excuse a distorted imagination; he is of mature years, but even in extreme old age we can recall what we have learnt in childhood; and he must remember the fable of the wolf and the lamb. If anyone described to him the latter innocent animal flying at the throat of the wolf and taking away his dinner from under his nose, he would say, "That's not *Aesop's view*." Then why should it be Mr. Gosse's? "Because," says the Popular Novelist, "he is jealous of our gains, which, inadequate as they are to our merits, are greater than those of the minor poets." The P.N.s are even more angry than the Society of Pigeon Fanciers, to which, however, most of them belong. It is certainly a high-handed outrage in literary Utica. If an enemy had done it—a publisher, for example—it could have been borne, but from one's own brother-author, Mr. Gosse the poet! How could he, *could* he, do it!

To the ordinary mind there does not seem to be much danger of even a popular novelist getting "more of anything than there is in it," which is what alarms Mr. Gosse. Experiments of this kind are apt to have sudden ends; but where he might have more reasonably used the language of warning is with respect to those whom someone has wittily called "deferred authors"—the gentlemen who make their literary arrangements ten years or so beforehand. This is really being too previous. Leaving out of the question the possibility of death (even to an author whose works are immortal) and serious illness, how can he foresee in what mental condition he will be so far ahead? Think of having bound oneself to write a book, whether one is in the humour for it or not, at a particular and distant date! And the humour—even if it is a melodramatic novel—has so much, so very much to do with it. However, some of us are built differently from others. There is a story of a nervous man who had a bill to meet which a friend had backed, and passed his nights in walking about the room because he had a well-grounded suspicion that he could not meet it. He was advised by a person of business to "let the other man do the walking." This would be, I suppose, the best thing to be done, if the imagination of a "deferred" novelist failed him.

The science of physiognomy has progressed since the days of Lavater, though even now not enough stress is laid upon the effects of time on the human countenance. Dr. Louis Robinson, however, seems to presuppose that the faces he discusses are tolerably mature, since his very topic is the mode in which professional habits tend to mould them. It is clear, in fact, that the face of youth must to some extent be a *tabula rasa* on which, in due time, the trials and emotions of humanity will write their autographs. We cannot read Ambition in one to whom no object of desire has yet appeared; and though Cruelty and Meanness are early "blowers," they require years for their full development. Unlike most specialists, Dr. Robinson does not believe that in what he has made his study he has found something which is always to be trusted, and very frankly warns us against attempting to interpret character from the expression of the features. A genial face is often, he reminds us, but the reflex of empty good-nature, and is not to be depended upon for any office of genuine friendship. I have not noticed, however, that he lays any stress upon the danger of good looks, which even to persons of discernment are a very common cause of a wrong diagnosis: it is only a very few men who squint who can say, with Wilkes, that such is the charm of their conversation that they are only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England in producing a favourable impression.

It is nevertheless certain that the ear tells more of the character of others than the eye. "It is almost impossible to conceal the hollowness of purpose with which professions are made, if you listen attentively to the accents in which they are delivered." This is very true; whatever significance we can get from the eye, or the nose, or even (what some people tell us is very informing) the lobe of the ear, is slight indeed compared with that revealed by the voice. My business in life has been the reading of human character, and having—as I flattered myself—become an expert, I once offered an eminent person in the City for a thousand a year or so to separate his sheep from his goats. "If you will give me five minutes' talk with any

one of your clients," I said, "I will tell you if he is an honest man." He thanked me, but said that the incident would be so exceptional as not to be worth his while to employ my services.

With the pious sentiment—for it is surely not a declaration of faith—"Nolo episcopari" we have long been familiar, but it is one of the few new things under the sun to find people protesting that they don't want to be peers. They protest a little too much for the general reader, but there seems no question of their bona fides. If this is so, why cannot these peerages be given—for a consideration—to somebody else? It strikes one that as matters stand these semi-nobles are in the position of the dog in the manger: they will not be peers themselves, but stand in the way of other people who would really appreciate such a position. Why should they not be allowed to sell it, not necessarily to the highest bidder, but to somebody who would give a good price for it, and present the money to the State? A House of Peers thus constituted would surely be very popular; each elevation would be associated with some public benefit—a college, a museum, or a people's park—while the person who had made the sacrifice would be thought almost as highly of as though he had kept his title. "The Man who would not be a Peer" would make an admirable title for a popular novel. "The Woman who Wouldn't, or Didn't, or Couldn't" would be nowhere in comparison with him.

In connection with the large sums paid for literature commented upon the other day in "Our Note Book," we are reminded by a paragraph in this month's *Lippincott* how small they look when contrasted with the results of lawyers from a similar source. What is even a shilling a word—and that has only been paid in one case—compared with one hundred and sixty pounds! Yet this gigantic honorarium is said to have been received by Judge Paxson for his amendment of the literary form of a railway warning. On the Reading Railway the notice on the crossings used to run "Beware of the engines and cars." This was claimed in many actions for damages to be insufficient; so the manager went to the judge—let us hope not the same one who settled the suits, since he might be thought to have led up to the alteration—and got him to think out a better warning, which he thus triumphantly accomplished: "Pailway crossing! Stop, look, and listen!" It must be acknowledged he was well paid for it, but there is a great deal of ingenuity in a judicious alteration of words in a brief space, and the result is often of great value. Many an advertiser has reaped a fortune from it. Of the difficulty of hitting upon it, the titles of nine out of ten of modern books are an ample proof. Imagination seems to have failed their authors at the first start on the very title-page.

Among the items of expenditure of the Carlton Club last year, "snuff and toothpicks" figure, I read, at fifteen pounds. The institution is evidently not deterred from renewing these latter articles, as was the proprietary club which declined any longer to provide them upon the ground that members never returned them. The outlay on snuff, considering the cheapness of the other commodity, and how few snuff-takers are left even in Pall Mall, sounds so large as almost to suggest that it covers some other expense that would not look so well in the schedule. It reminds me of what happened on the occasion of a ukase issued by the Governor of the Woolwich Academy many years ago. The cadets were younger than they are at present, but still not schoolboys, and yet it was decreed that three guineas of pocket-money should be considered sufficient for the term. That this was scarcely consonant with their expenditure may be gathered from the fact that one of them kept a pack of beagles. However, each was requested to state the items of his expenditure for the current quarter—a delicate matter in some cases, and rather difficult to comply with. The returns were a little vague. I remember one of them—"Lucifers and sundries, forty pounds."

On account, I suppose, of the imaginary rivalry between those great novelists Dickens and Thackeray, some partisan opinions on both sides—quite unfounded in fact—I see, still retain credence. One of the most commonly believed is that the enthusiastic admiration again and again expressed by Thackeray for Dickens's genius was by no means reciprocated by the latter author. It is quite curious how this notion has taken root even among persons who ought to know better. Though their characters were dissimilar—the one being almost an optimist, and the other slightly cynical—the two great novelists often met one another socially both abroad and at home. At the General Theatrical Fund dinner in the year when Thackeray filled the chair, Dickens took the opportunity of paying a public tribute to him, as one "for whose genius he entertained the highest admiration, and who did honour to literature." And, again, when Thackeray went to America Dickens presided at the dinner given to him upon his departure, and in an eloquent speech offered him "in the name of the tens of thousands who had never touched his hand, or seen his face, life-long thanks for the treasures of mirth, wit, and wisdom within the yellow-covered numbers of 'Pendennis' and 'Vanity Fair.'" I hope this reminder will put an end to an unworthy belief.

Certain popular novelists have been telling the irrepressible interviewer what, in their own opinion, are their best books. The author's view of this matter is very seldom in unison with that of his readers. Just as a mother who has a child less strong and less likely to live long than the rest lavishes her love on him more than on the others, so the father of a literary family has generally a leaning towards what in the world's eye is the most ricketty member of it. His other books, he says, may have their faults (little spots in the sun), but this one that is least approved of was written with his heart's blood. It is not clear why red ink should involve excellence of composition, but that is his phrase. One of the best writers extant applies it to what is, in fact, "one of his failures," and I should be sorry to contradict him. Sometimes, however, the writer is right and his readers wrong. The most extraordinary example of this was the case of "Martin Chuzzlewit." By much the most masterly of Dickens's works, so far as they had hitherto gone, and perhaps to the very end of them the best and strongest, it by no means met with the same appreciation. Indeed, in comparison with the splendid successes that had preceded it, it may be almost said to have met with no appreciation at all. The sale of "Pickwick" and "Nickleby" had been between fifty and sixty thousand; that of "The Old Curiosity Shop" between sixty and seventy thousand, whereas "Martin Chuzzlewit" fell to twenty thousand. It was the first grievous disappointment, and almost the only one, Dickens, as an author, had experienced; but he was quite sure of the merits of the book and of the mistake of the public. "You know," he writes to his friend and biographer, "that I think 'Chuzzlewit' in a hundred points immeasurably the best of my stories. That I feel my power now more than I ever did. That I have a greater confidence in myself than I ever had. That I know, if I have health, I could sustain my place in the eyes of thinking men, though fifty writers started up to-morrow. But how many readers do *not* think! How many take it upon trust from knaves and idiots that one writes too fast, or runs a thing to death!" His confidence was eventually substantiated by the popularity of the novel exceeding that of any of the others, with the exception of "David Copperfield."

Mr. Besant's "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice" is one of the best samples of its author, a book in strong contrast to the novelties of the literary season—without affectation or indecency, and full of thought and genial philosophy. The immense sum that is at stake, belonging to nobody, gives the story the interest of buried treasure, while the many claimants afford the writer opportunities for description of character of which he takes admirable advantage. Margaret Calvert is a most gracious heroine, endowed with the tenderest emotions, but without the want of fibre which too often belongs to that member of a novelist's *dramatis personae*. Sir John Burleigh is good, and Lucinda of the workhouse better still. The book is interesting from start to finish. This is the more creditable to the author since, in my poor opinion at least, the whole edifice of the story is built upon a false foundation—namely, that there is danger in inheriting a fortune that has been obtained by ill means. Both my grandfathers, from all that I have learnt of them, were quite respectable persons; but if they had been otherwise, so long as I had nothing to do with its acquisition, their money would have been as welcome to me as flowers in spring. In my hands (of course), nothing but good would have been done with it, and, in fact, under the circumstances, I should have some doubt—looking beyond the mere moment—whether the means by which the property came into the hands of a disreputable ancestor were, after all, so very unjustifiable. Is it not possible he might have had a prevision of a grandson who would know how to spend it better than the persons he defrauded of it? One does not wish, however, to push this fancy to extremity; let me content myself with saying that, *pace* Mr. Besant, I should have stuck to the money.

There is, however, a much more important matter than the inheritance of ill-got gain insisted on in this story—namely, the influence of heredity upon moral character. There is something in it, no doubt, but to argue that it acts as hereditary diseases do, independently of the will and power of the victim, is a most dangerous theory, and affords an excuse for any amount of idleness or vice or crime. It is my experience that the persons who are in the habit of complaining of their bringing up are much more to blame for their unsatisfactoriness than their parents; and those who lay the fault upon their grandfathers are very hard up for an apology for their own misdeeds. The extremity to which this theory is pushed—almost to the point of excluding human endeavour altogether—has, no doubt, its original source in the catastrophe in Eden. Our first mother ate sour apples, and her children's teeth were set on edge; and though this incident is not being continually repeated, its impression remains and is the cause of much ill-thinking and wrong-doing. Environment is quite another matter: the street-Arab stands (on his head) excused for anything, but this making a scapegoat of one's ancestors ("Please, Sir, it's not me; it's grandpa"), though very convenient, seems rather contemptible.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
EPSOM RACES.—TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,
 THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, May 28, 29, 30, and 31.
 THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Race Course) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.

Note.—Tickets taken by South-Western Railway to Epsom Town are not available to return by the Brighton Company's direct route from the Epsom Downs Station on the Course.

EPSOM DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First Class Ladies' Waiting-Rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS
 AND CHEAP TRAINS between the above Stations on all four days of the Races. Also Extra First Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

EPSOM TOWN STATION.—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Station (L. B. & S. C. Ry.) will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Downs will be available for return from the Epsom Town Station.

THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways, to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course.

The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington (Addison Road) Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS see small Bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28 Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8 Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at their City Offices, 6 Arthur Street East; and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and at Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus, and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where Tickets may also be obtained.

The West End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 27, 28, 29, and 30.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 31 and June 1 and 2, to and from London, for ONE DAY FOUR DAYS.

These Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m., and London Bridge 9 p.m., on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 30 to June 3.

Returning from Paris 9 p.m. on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares, First Class, 3s. 3d.; Second Class, 3s. 3d.; Third Class (Night Service only), 2s.

First and Second Class Passengers may return by the Day Service from Paris 9.30 a.m., on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS. SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

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First and Second Class Passengers may return by the Day Service from Paris 9.30 a.m., on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.

CHEAP TRAINS Every Saturday, commencing June 1, to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction, from London Bridge 2.30 p.m.; and Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m., returning by certain Trains only the following Tuesday evening.

Return Fares London to Portsmouth Town, 6s. 4d.

For Isle of Wight connection, through Cheap Return Tickets to Ryde, Cowes, Ventnor, and Isle of Wight Railway Stations, available for one or more days, see handbills.

BRIGHTON.—FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY TO WEDNESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS by all Trains, according to class on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 31, and June 1 and 2, also by SPECIAL TRAINS SATURDAY, June 1, from Victoria 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 1.30 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Woolwich, and Croydon.

Returning by any Train according to class on any day up to and including Wednesday, June 5. Fares from London, 1s., 8s. ed.

EVERY SUNDAY, CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAINS from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

WORTHING.—CHEAP FIRST-CLASS DAY TICKETS from Victoria every Weekday, 10 a.m., every Sunday 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton. Weekdays, 1s. 6d., Sundays, 1s.

Every Saturday, Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare, 1s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-day.

From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m.; also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.

WHIT SUNDAY AND MONDAY From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Seaford, Eastbourne, and Hastings; and on WHIT TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS see small Bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28 Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8 Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at their City Offices, 6 Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill, Cook's, Ludgate Circus, and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where Tickets may also be obtained.

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

WHITSUNTIDE ON THE CONTINENT via HARWICH and the HOOK of HOLLAND, daily (Sundays included), by the Great Eastern Railway Company's twin-screw steam-ship. Cheapest route to Germany, and quickest to Holland.

AMSTERDAM and its EXHIBITION, Special Tickets, First Return, 42s.; Second, 31s.

ANTWERP, via Harwich, for Brussels, The Ardennes, Switzerland, &c., every week-day.

PASSENGERS leave LONDON (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and north, thence Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Direct service from York, Hamburg by G.S.N. Company's steam-ship from Harwich—May 29 and June 1. For further information apply to the American Redoubt, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W., or to the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE TO DENMARK, SWEDEN, AND NORWAY, via HARWICH and ESBJERG. The Steamers of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkstone Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the Train from London (Liverpool Street Station) at 9 a.m.; returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9.5 a.m. Train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships "Koldinghus" and "Nidaros." These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and carry no cattle. For further information address TEGNER, PRICE, and CO., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

PARK LANE.—TO LET, with immediate possession, the House with frontage to Upper Grosvenor Street (30 ft.) and Park Lane (60 ft.); sleeping room very limited (only six rooms for family and servants all told); in other respects the house is ample; rent very moderate.—Apply, by letter only, to SAMUEL PLIMSOUL, 28, Park Lane, W. The tenant can have the loan for three or four months of Mr. Plimsool's furniture, or might even take the place as it stands, say until end of August.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE (Established half a century)—Searches and Authentic Information regarding Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Arm-plates engraved in Modern and Medieval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving.

ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM. Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourne Street, London, W.C.

CRESTED STATIONERY.—CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram, or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Slogan rings, 1s. each, from 42s.; Card plate and 50 best visiting cards, 2s. 8d.; ladies', 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.

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TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps.

MOST INVALUABLE. T. TAYLOR, Chemist, 12, Parker Street, London, W.

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HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.

Fast Trains every Week-day.

From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m.; also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.

WHIT SUNDAY AND MONDAY From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Seaford, Eastbourne, and Hastings; and on WHIT TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY

to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS see small Bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28 Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8 Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at their City Offices, 6 Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and at Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus, and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where Tickets may also be obtained.

The West-End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Starting off with what may be fairly called the "root idea" of the popular story "My Official Wife"—which, by-the-way, has been dramatised for the American stage—Mr. B. C. Stephenson and Mr. W. Yardley have given us one of the most amusing plays that London has seen for a considerable time. The difference between "My Official Wife" and "The Passport" is essentially this: that one is a serious drama and the other pure comedy. There are no Nihilist ladies, no plots to assassinate the Czar, no Russian detectives or passionate young officers, no pistols or dynamite or threats of Siberia in the delightful, amusing, and well-acted play now drawing crowded audiences to Terry's Theatre. "The Passport" certainly does contain a lady-killing Queen's Messenger, who passes a handsome and uncommonly merry widow across the Russian frontier on his own double passport and as his wife; but this done, the temporary wife having been introduced to some of the Queen's Messenger's friends, away goes the comedy from Russia to England, and then the fun of the farce really begins. I will not attempt to describe it, because by so doing I should spoil for future audiences the rare ingenuity of the plot, its complications and ramifications. But this much I may say: that few farces of modern times possess less of that "boring" quality of which the best three-act farcical comedies are not wholly destitute. There comes a time in the best farce when we begin to be a little weary of the eternal racket. One act is far better than another. The last is, as a rule, the weakest. Not so with "The Passport," which has this distinct value: that every turn and twist in the maze increases the interest of the situations and adds to the power of characterisation. And it will not be denied that, good as are all the three acts of "The Passport," the last is infinitely the best and the most amusing. The play has also the distinct advantage of being excellently acted—as well acted, indeed, as were all the farcical comedies in the long-ago Wyndham days at the Criterion. Not even Noblet and Raphaëlle Sisos, now acting so brilliantly in "M. le Directeur" at the Vaudeville in Paris, show such consummate art as Miss Gertrude Kingston and George Giddens in this play. Miss Kingston has no rival now on any stage, French or English, as the fashionable refined and flighty woman. She has charm. Always well-dressed and with a thorough society tone about her, she is more the Marie Magnier than the Sisos of the English stage. On this occasion Miss Gertrude Kingston appears as the lovely widow who avails herself of a stranger's official passport, but her characteristic is a constitutional forgetfulness, the blame of which she does not take upon her own shoulders, but invariably fastens on to her interlocutor. Miss Kingston's catch-phrase "How stupid you are!" spoken in a half-bashful, half-coy manner, is delightful; in fact, from first to last it is a first-class specimen of comedy acting that should be missed by no one who has studied that art.

Nowadays we hear a great deal about plays, but very little about acting, and so such performances as these in "The Passport" are dismissed with a bare half-line of encouragement. The comic bewilderment of Mr. George Giddens is delightful. His despair when he discovers that his own wife was the heroine of the Russian scandal is almost tragic in its intensity. The light comedy—gay, insouciant, gentlemanly, and unaffected—is perfectly safe in the hands of Mr. Yorke Stephens, who keeps up the ball of fun merrily throughout the play, and never allows it to drop. Mr. Alfred Maltby is, of course, a veteran at this kind of business, but he never did anything better than Christopher Coleman, M.P., even in the best Criterion days. One of the most amusing characters is a mute one, capitally pantomimed by Mr. Compton Coutts, who appears as a vapid youth who is never allowed to speak a word. In fact, he may be called "The Idiot Witness." An admirably acted small part is the dictatorial Russian official by Mr. J. L. Mackay, whose manner is admirably imitated subsequently by Mr. Alfred Maltby. Miss Cicely Richards, always good, Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Kate Tulby, and a very clever girl, Miss Grace Lane, contribute to the success of certainly the funniest and best acted play now to be seen in London.

Somewhat I am not quite satisfied with the title of "The Passport," which does not suggest a very funny play. Should it not have been called "A Russian Salad," mixed by B. C. Stephenson and William Yardley? This might be appended as a sub-title even now.

Physician, heal thyself! One of those very silly young persons who dash off a paragraph for the mere sake of appearing to be smart; and, of course, of finding fault, has directed the laugh against me for saying last week that I had put on my bookshelves a delightful and "costly" volume containing the essays of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. I was sneeringly reminded that the book only cost five shillings. Well, I know that Messrs. Macmillan can do wonderful things, but if they can turn out a book printed on rough hand-made paper, with acres

of margin, bound in white vellum, gold-lettered, and clasped with cords of olive-green silk, for the sum of five shillings, then indeed they are marvellous publishers. There is such a thing as an *édition de luxe*, my good Mr. Censor. My book is one of that edition, and that it was costly I have no possible doubt whatever.

Talking about Mr. Henry Arthur Jones reminds me that I went down to the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel the other evening, to see a play by the great author's brother, "Mr. Sylvanus Dauncey," called "The Reckoning," which excited a tremendous audience assembled in one of the handsomest theatres in London. The play had the invaluable assistance of Mr. Charles Glenny and of both Miss Alma Murray and Mr. Charles Dalton. But I was told I ought to have seen a wonderful drama, of which Mr. Charles Glenny was again the hero, called "Saved from the Sea," which, with its condemned cell and grim execution and Newgate Calendar business, appears to have put into the shade both "Black-Eyed Susan" and "Maria Martin, or the Murder in the Red Barn." I once saw this gruesome drama in a "fit-up" on a village green near Maidenhead. The last scene shows the murderer just hanged. There is realism for you! When Charles Glenny was marched to execution in "Saved from the Sea," women were taken out of the Pavilion Theatre fainting. Why not bring the play and Charles Glenny to the West?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ROYAL VISIT TO WARWICKSHIRE.

Warwick Castle, a stately and characteristic seat of English nobility, upon the English classic Avon, in the homeland of Shakspere, the heart of the Midlands, was described and illustrated in our pages, not for the first time, when the

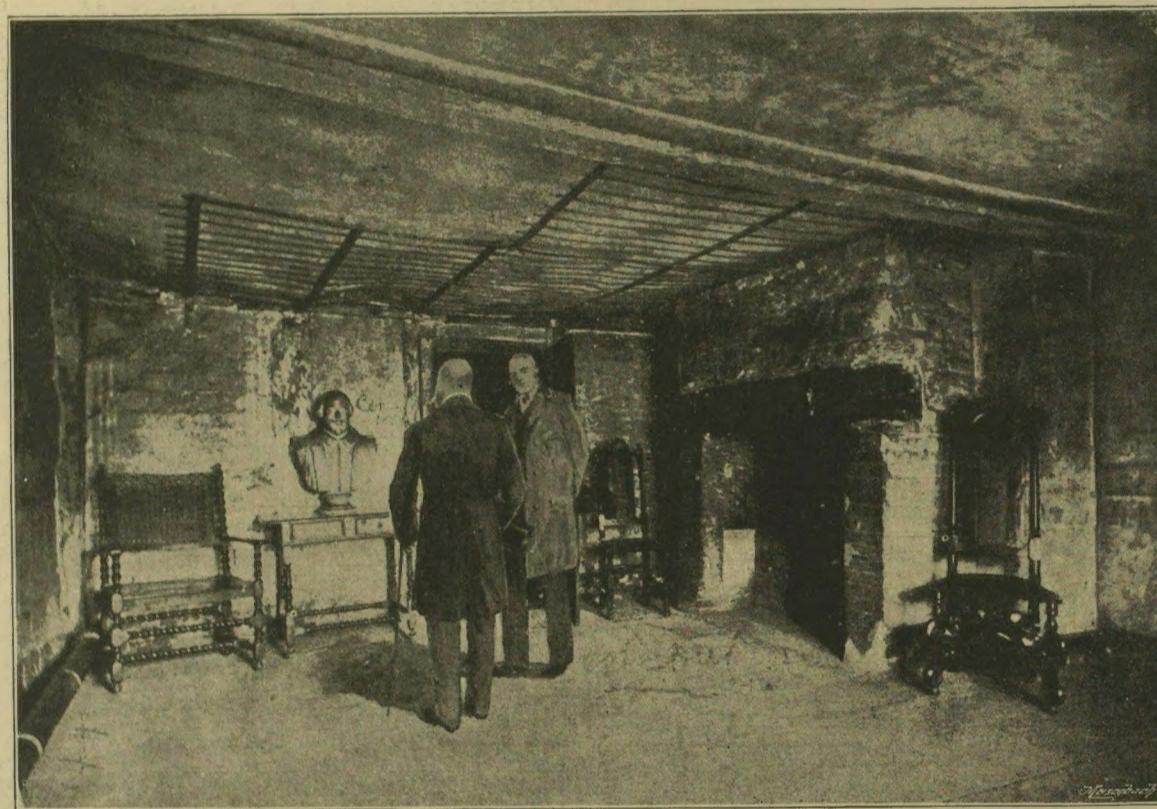
creditable proficiency of their regiment. On his way back to the Castle, through the quaint and interesting little town of Warwick, in front of the picturesque ancient buildings of Leicester's Hospital, the Prince of Wales was saluted by the Military Hospitallers, and stopped with them a few minutes. His Royal Highness, with a large party, was entertained at luncheon in the County Hall by the officers of the Yeomanry; they also gave a ball in the evening, which he and those of the Castle attended.

On May 18 the Prince was at the Yeomanry races in the morning, and in the afternoon went to Stratford-on-Avon with Lord and Lady Warwick and several of their friends. He first visited the house in which Shakspere was born, where Sir Arthur Hodgson, chairman of the trustees, received his Royal Highness. An address of welcome from the Corporation was presented by the Mayor, Mr. J. Smallwood, with the Town Clerk and Council, at the Town Hall. The Grammar School, with the adjacent Hall and Chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross, was next visited. Here the Head Master, the Rev. R. S. de Courcy Laffan, showed everything of interest. At the parish church, which contains Shakspere's tomb, the Vicar, the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, acted as cicerone. His Royal Highness visited also the Shakspere Memorial Theatre, the Library, and the Picture Gallery. He and the Earl of Warwick's party took tea at Clopton House, the residence of Sir Arthur Hodgson, and returned to the Castle. On leaving the Castle, on Monday, the Prince of Wales passed through Leamington, and was loyally greeted by the Corporation of that town.

THE LONDON SEASON: PICCADILLY.

In the literature of two hundred and fifty years ago, one meets with a mention of the "drie ditch bankes about Pickadilla." The evolution by which the word has arrived at its present form is hazy, but this is sure—that Piccadilly has from a very distant date been the resort of fashion. It is now the residence of many notables of high lineage and great repute. Clubs which can afford enormous rentals here have their home; the Royal Academy, its portals now open at Burlington House, is the magnet which attracts to Piccadilly thousands of visitors every summer; and St. James's Hall is the time-honoured resort of lovers of music and minstrelsy. A modern writer has said that if he were a detective in search of a man he would simply walk down Piccadilly daily for a year in the certain expectation that he would find his victim, for all the world drifts sooner or later to Piccadilly. It is there, too, that Mr. Maskelyne exercises his amusing wizardry in the Egyptian Hall with its fascinating outward decoration so astonishing to the country cousin. One of the characteristic sights of London is Piccadilly at four o'clock in the season, when throngs of gaily dressed folks "take the air," as they did in the time of Pepys, or lounge in the cool shade of the pleasant Green Park.

DERBY DAY: THE PRELIMINARY CANTER. The liveliest interest is being taken over the race for the Derby this year; but the general opinion among the horse-watchers is that it will not require a good three-year-old to win the race. Men of Newmarket continue to pin their faith on Raconteur, whose two-year-old form was above suspicion; but there came that fatal race over the Rowley mile, in which Mr. McCalmont's colt cut up very badly indeed. Excuses are, however, forthcoming for that show, so Raconteur must be called "dangerous"; and it would be in keeping with the luck of the Master of Cheveley if the colt were to follow the record of Isinglass. All Epsom (the locals, of course) are content to put their trust in Sir Visto, probably because he belongs to the lord of the manor, who can be trusted to illuminate The Durdans once more should the good thing come off. The book is a bar to Sir Visto's success, but the book has been a false prophet of late. Sir Blundell Maple's final selection for the Derby is Kirkconnel, who, it may be, must be judged rather by his Guineas display than by his running behind The Owl. The unfashionably bred Curzon is fancied by some, though it would be a revelation indeed to see a gelding, and a bad-tempered one at that, win the Derby. The young Australian sportsman, Mr. A. W. Cox, hopes to win with Solaro, whose book form, by-the-bye, is almost as good as any of the competitors. The dark Kingsclere colt, Le Var, has been under a cloud; but we must remember that Common and St. Blaise were belaboured by the critics until they did something big, and it may be that the Alington-Johnston confederacy will come off trumps once more. It would be a great treat to all racing men to see Laveno win, and on his second in the Guineas he may do so. Mr. Houldsworth never bets, and he believes in sport for its own sake. No one will begrudge him a Derby. Our coloured plate depicts the scene preceding the great race.



THE PRINCE OF WALES VIEWING THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPERE WAS BORN, AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were visitors there in August 1892, during the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society. The public occasion of the latest visit of the Prince of Wales to the Earl and Countess of Warwick, at Warwick Castle, staying from Thursday evening, May 16, to Monday morning, has been rather of a local and county interest. The Warwickshire Yeomanry Regiment, under the command of Lord Willoughby de Broke, had attained its centenary, which was celebrated on the Friday by a grand parade and inspection, held on the racecourse common. His Royal Highness, in the undress uniform of a Field Marshal, on a black charger, accompanied by Lord Roberts and General Sir Evelyn Wood, and by Lord Leigh, attired as Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, appeared on the ground at noon. The staff comprised Generals Sir Frank Grenfell and Sir Baker Russell; Brigadier-General Loyd, Colonel Mair, Colonel McKenn, the Duke of Marlborough, Colonel of the Oxfordshire Hussars, the Earl of Lonsdale, Colonel of the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry, Lord Rosslyn, and many cavalry officers. The Countess of Warwick and Lady Roberts followed in a carriage, and in other carriages were the family and guests from the Castle. The ground was kept by the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Warwickshire Regiment. This scene represented very completely, under the modern conditions of official and military organisation, the old traditional connection, so far as it can now be preserved, between the aristocratic leadership of county affairs and social life, with its neighbourly local influence, and the established defences of the realm by troops auxiliary to the regular Army. The Prince of Wales took up his position at the saluting point by the Royal Standard, to see the Warwickshire Yeomanry march past, after which they went through the sword exercise, trotted and cantered, and performed a series of field evolutions. His Royal Highness, riding to the head of the massed squadrons, briefly addressed the commander, officers, and men, congratulating them upon the appearance and the



THE ROYAL VISIT TO WARWICKSHIRE: ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WARWICK RAILWAY STATION.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO WARWICKSHIRE: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

PERSONAL.

One of the best features of English municipal life is the untiring devotion of such men as Sir Jerom Murch, who died on May 13. This gentleman, after being a Unitarian minister, held the honourable office of Mayor of Bath for seven years, and served that delightful old city in many ways as an enlightened public man. He was of Huguenot descent, and was born in 1807. He married the daughter of

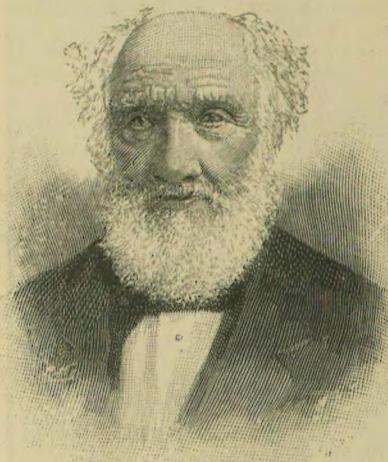


Photo by Lewis.

THE LATE SIR JEROM MURCH.

Mr. Meadows Taylor, and this lady predeceased him in 1893, having attained the age of ninety-three. Mr. Murch was exceedingly active in every work for the advancement of the interests of Bath, and in 1894, when the Queen conferred knighthood upon him, his fellow-citizens showed their gratitude by presenting a fine portrait of him by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon. Sir Jerom had much to do with the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, as well as with the literary and social institutions of the city. He published more than one volume, and several essays, besides contributing to the columns of the *Bath Herald* frequently. In 1873 he came forward as Liberal candidate for Bath, but was defeated. Until the last he retained his interest in politics.

The crop of Parliamentary vacancies is increased by the death of General Feilden, who had represented the Chorley division of Lancashire for many years. Mr. Ritchie is likely to be returned unopposed for Croydon, vacated by the accession of Mr. Sidney Herbert to the peerage. Misfortune has pursued Mr. Ritchie since his defeat in St. George's-in-the-East at the General Election, 1892. His restoration to the House of Commons reinforces the Conservative party with a very competent administrator and man of business.

The Committee on the Vacating of Seats, originally appointed to consider the Constitutional question arising out of Lord Coleridge's case, has reported at last. A year's deliberation has resulted in the discovery that the succession to a peerage *ipso facto* disqualifies the new peer from sitting in the House of Commons. The only question, says the Committee, is whether the succession is in every way valid; and when that is ascertained, the new peer goes to the House of Lords as a matter of course, or, at any rate, ceases to be eligible for a seat in the Commons. The other Committee, which undertook to determine whether Lord Selborne really is Lord Selborne, is thus sustained in that remarkable question by the elder Committee, which has taken twelve months to make up its mind.

The Duke of Cambridge is understood to have set his face resolutely against the admission of bicycles to Hyde Park. There is excellent reason at present for this, seeing that the cyclists would have to traverse the footpaths, to the great inconvenience of pedestrians. If a special bicycle track were made, all objections would be obviated, and we might then have the spectacle of lady cyclists rivalling the fair equestrians of the Row.

The youngest of Metropolitan magistrates has been appointed in the person of Mr. George Paul Parkes, a well-known member of the Criminal Bar. Mr. Parkes, who is thirty-four years of age, was called only ten years ago, and has enjoyed a considerable reputation as an advocate at the Old Bailey. His experience and personality mark him out as a magistrate of the Montagu Williams type, the shrewd observer and kindly man of the world. The value of the appointment is fifteen hundred a year.

Lieutenant-General R. J. Feilden, M.P., who died on May 13, was not a very prominent politician, although he had had fifteen years' experience of Parliamentary life. He joined the 60th Rifles, and had seen with that regiment active service on the Red River Expedition when Viscount Wolseley was in command. He joined Colonel Stanley (the present Earl of Derby), as co-member for the Northern division of

consistently with his party. He was in the seventy-first year of his age, and died at his London residence in Grosvenor Gardens. In the neighbourhood of his country seat, Witton Park, General Feilden was much esteemed.

There are contradictory rumours about Lord Rosebery's health. His yachting cruise with Lord Spencer is said to have benefited him considerably, but on the other hand it is positively stated that the complaint which is the main cause of his insomnia shows no real abatement. In this state of affairs there are endless stories of resignation and dissolution. Scarcely an evening passes without a circumstantial legend in the Lobby of the House of Commons about Lord Rosebery's retirement. When the Queen postponed her journey to Scotland this was immediately seized upon as the basis of another rumour. It was afterwards explained that her Majesty desired to receive the Ameer's son earlier than could have been the case if she had gone to Balmoral.

The late Duke of Hamilton was one of the greatest territorial magnates of the United Kingdom. His life,

which was comparatively short, for he has died at the age of fifty, was devoted to sport. At college he enjoyed the reputation of a pugilist. His coming of age was celebrated by festivities in Paris which gave bitter offence in Scotland. Whatever

was expected

from his position,

in short,

he took a

keen pleasure

in disregarding. Some years ago he sold a valuable collection of art treasures for half a million, a transaction which did not enhance his prestige. His relations with his tenantry were conducted on the principle that whatever a nobleman wishes must be right. The evictions in Arran

were not generally considered a satisfactory illustration of this policy. In a word, the Duke of Hamilton scarcely

sustained the traditions of an historic name, but he bred

horses with great assiduity.

Dorchester House, where the Ameer's son is to stay with his large suite, has been a "white elephant" by reason of the enormous cost which residence there necessitates. It is said that Mr. Nolford, who built this palatial mansion, spent £200,000 on its erection, and probably more than this sum on its furniture. The marble staircase and mantelpieces are exquisite, and the decoration of the house cannot fail to impress our royal guest with the magnificence of his surroundings. Rumour says that not long ago Dorchester House was offered for sale at the price of half-a-million of money.

The British railway world lost recently one of its leaders in Mr. Charles Henry Parkes, a former chairman

of the Great Eastern Railway Company. Born in 1816, Mr. Parkes was first employed in the election office of the House of Commons; then he became a member of the firm of Lyons, the Parliamentary agents. In 1869 he joined the board of directors of the company ultimately known as

the Great Eastern. After the Marquis of Salisbury's retirement from the chairmanship, in 1872, Mr. Parkes was in the following year appointed vice-chairman, and in 1874 was chosen for the still more important post of chairman. During the next nineteen years the company rose rapidly in public favour and financial success, results largely attributable to the energy and enterprise of Mr. Parkes. The great terminus at Liverpool Street has become famous for the punctuality in arrival and departure of its trains, while the railway has changed the eastern districts through which it runs into thickly populated towns and suburbs. The Great Eastern Company, too, has aided Continental traffic by its admirable arrangements, and the quay of Parkstone recalls the name of the chairman who did so much for its success. Mr. Parkes was never anxious for notoriety, but only that the great machinery of the company should run smoothly and pleasantly for all concerned. On his retirement from the chairmanship in 1893, high tributes were paid to his character and achievements.

Mr. Toole, who is still at Hastings, continues in much the same condition. Gout is not yet dislodged from both knees, but in other respects the veteran comedian's health is excellent.

Colonel Robert Williams, the new member for West Dorset, is the son of the late Mr. Robert Williams, of Budhead, near Dorchester, who represented Dorchester in the House of Commons from 1834 to 1841. Colonel Williams is a well-known banker in London, a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Dorset, and a director of the South-Western Railway. He has not hitherto taken any conspicuous part in politics, but his victory in West Dorset was overwhelming, as he defeated the Independent Liberal candidate, Mr. G. W. Homes, by a majority of 1213. In 1892 the Conservative majority was 878.

The Prime Minister gave another proof of his interest in the work of the London County Council by being present during the debate, on May 21, relative to Unification. He sat on the dais in the Council Chamber by the side of Mr. Arthur Arnold, the successor of Lord Rosebery in the chair. Mr. Arnold has won golden opinions by his businesslike methods. He speaks seldom, and then very briefly. He created some laughter by reminding members of the necessity not to override the time-limit for speeches—"the envy and the hope" of another assembly.

The departure of the Hon. Sidney Herbert from the House of Commons, where he leaves a large circle of friends, vacates the important post of Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, which concerns itself with "filling up the cup" and satisfying the hunger of M.P.s. It is possible that Mr. Herbert's successor may be the Hon. George Leveson-Gower. The presidency of this Committee is hardly to be envied, for members are not easily satisfied.

The Philharmonic concert of Thursday, May 16, was perhaps less noteworthy than any of its predecessors during this season. Herr Stavenhagen, indeed, admirably played the pianoforte part of a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, written by himself. His playing is remarkable for its delicacy, its charm, its refinement, and we are bound to add that the composition itself possessed considerable merits. It was a little bizarre at times, but its bizarre was never—and how rarely can this be recorded!—unjustifiable. On the contrary, the most peculiar and possibly eccentric passage for bells and pianoforte is perhaps the most delicate and beautiful of the whole composition. Herr Stavenhagen is a finely conscientious player, and a composer of elegant and touching music. For the rest, Madame Amy Sherwin sang with conspicuous success, and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was creditably performed.

The Handel Society gave a very pleasant invitation concert at the Queen's Hall on May 21. The choir and orchestra who could not be inspired by Mr. August Manns would indeed be hopeless. Fortunately, Mr. Manns communicated his enthusiasm to the chorus, and also to the excellent orchestra—both mainly composed of young ladies. Cherubini's Overture in G Major was followed by Handel's little-known chorus "Dixit Dominus." Then came the great Saxon's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," which received a most admirable rendering. Miss Jessie Scott, a soprano, whose name is new to us, proved to have, besides a charming voice, a style well suited to the trying music in this ode. Mr. Edward Branscombe was the efficient tenor soloist. The orchestra deserves special praise for their playing of the march, and also for their even better rendering of German's lightsome dances from "Henry VIII."

Walworth veited to the Conservative party, and returned Mr. James Bailey as its representative on May 14, in the place of the late Mr. William Saunders, who latterly had seldom voted with the Government. Mr. Bailey is fifty-four years old, the son of Mr. William Bailey, a Norfolk farmer. He was educated at Dereham, and came to London more than thirty years ago. He has shown great business enterprise as the proprietor of various hotels, and is a director of more than one company. He purchased Shortgrove Mansion as a country seat last year. He helped to found the Constitutional Club, and has been a liberal supporter of Conservative principles.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE LATE GENERAL FEILDEN, M.P.

Lancashire in 1880, and since 1885 had been Conservative member for the Chorley division, where he was returned by a very large majority, and twice re-elected without a contest. General Feilden held strong views, but did not care to voice them in the House, except by voting

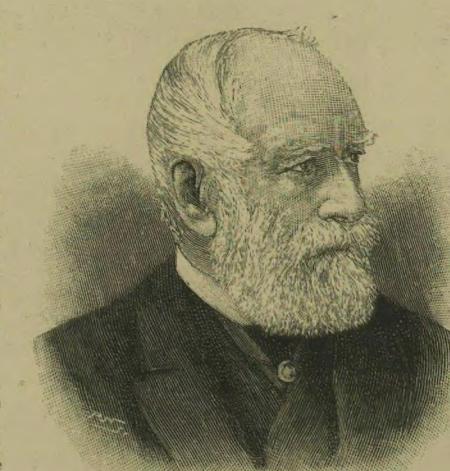


Photo by Payne Jennings.

THE LATE MR. C. H. PARKES.



Photo by C. Vandyk.

MR. JAMES BAILEY, M.P. FOR WALWORTH.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty has postponed her departure for Balmoral.

The Queen was visited on May 14 by the Duke of Connaught and Princess Victoria of Wales; on Wednesday, May 15, by the Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales; on Thursday by Princess Louise of Wales, Duchess of Fife, the Duke of Fife, and the Duke of Cambridge; on Friday by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and Princess Alexandra; and on Saturday by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with her daughter, Princess Victoria. A concert of the Strauss Orchestra was performed at the Castle on the Friday evening. Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg) has remained with her Majesty since May 14, when she was in London to open a bazaar at St. Martin's Hall.

Nasrullah Khan, son of the Ameer Abdurrahman of Afghanistan, will be received by the Queen at Windsor Castle, before her Majesty's departure, on Tuesday, May 28, for Balmoral.

The Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, May 15, was held on behalf of the Queen by the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Maud of Wales. The Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, with Princess Alexandra, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Christian Victor and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, were present. The Princess of Wales and her daughters, after visiting the Queen at Windsor, went to Sandringham, but returned to London on Monday.

The Prince of Wales on Thursday, May 16, went to stay two or three days with the Earl and Countess of Warwick at Warwick Castle. We give some account of his visit separately. On Wednesday, May 22, his Royal Highness inspected the Norfolk Artillery Volunteers at Yarmouth.

The Duke and Duchess of York on May 15 attended the festival service at St. Paul's Cathedral on the two hundred and forty-first anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy. On Saturday, May 18, their Royal Highnesses visited the Crystal Palace, where the Duchess of York distributed the prizes to school-children for writing essays on behalf of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They went on Sunday to Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen.

The Duchess of Albany on May 17 presided at the annual meeting of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, held at the Hôtel Métropole.

The Duke of Connaught presided on May 16 over the meeting of the Army Temperance Association, at the United Service Institution.

The Duke of Cambridge, at the same place, on another day, presided at the annual Court of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows.

Princess Christian on May 18, at the Albert Institute, Windsor, presented certificates and medals to the St. John's Ambulance classes of Windsor and Eton, formed especially of men belonging to the Great Western Railway.

The Earl of Rosebery and Earl Spencer, on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, visited the Scilly Isles in their western cruise for the benefit of the Premier's health. They were at Milford Haven and Pembroke on Friday, May 17, and Dartmouth, with the naval cadets' training-ship *Britannia* there, on Sunday; after which the yacht returned to Portsmouth.

In the Upper House of Convocation on May 17 the resolutions of a committee of bishops and archbishops were passed claiming for voluntary and religious elementary schools a right to a share of assistance out of the rates, but admitting that it is desirable to seek the additional help they require from some other quarter, and therefore asking the Imperial Government to pay the teachers' salaries, and to aid new schools built at private cost; all existing Government grants to be superseded; the school buildings to be exempt from taxes and local rates.

A Home Office Committee of Inquiry has been appointed to examine the condition and management of reformatory and industrial schools.

A meeting convened by the Metropolitan Wine and Beer Trade Protection Society to protest against the Local Veto Liquor Traffic Bill of the Government, was held on May 17 at the Cannon Street Hotel; Sir Richard Temple was in the chair, and Mr. Alban Gibbs, M.P., and Major Rasch, M.P., were the leading speakers.

The annual dinner of subscribers to the Royal Medical Benevolent College at Epsom took place at the Imperial Institute on May 15. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., was in the chair, and Sir Richard Webster was one of the speakers.

The subscribers to the Newspaper Press Fund had their annual dinner on Saturday, May 18, at the Hôtel Métropole. The chairman at table, Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P.,

Solicitor-General, made a pleasant and amusing speech. Sir Algernon Borthwick, the president, Lord Portman, Mr. Alban Gibbs, M.P., and Sir G. Baden-Powell, M.P., took part in dealing with the toasts.

A fall of several houses in Bastwick Street, between Goswell Road and City Road, on Sunday evening, when there were some children at play and women out in the street, killed two little ones and severely injured eight other persons, struck by the bricks of the walls or chimneys, or by tiles from the roofs.

At sea, along the east coast and in the Channel, a violent northerly gale on May 16 caused some disasters to small vessels: a yacht with three young officers of the Royal Artillery was capsized off Southend, and one, Lieutenant Marston, was drowned. A German barque in the North Sea, fifty miles off Lowestoft, foundered with the loss of ten or twelve lives. In the Atlantic, a French torpedo-boat, one of a flotilla off the Isle of Aix, has been lost with some of the crew. In the Mediterranean, off the south-east coast of Spain, a British steamer with coal has been sunk by a collision and the crew drowned.

The marriage of the Duke d'Aosta to Princess Hélène d'Orléans takes place on June 20, before which time her brother, the Duke of Orleans, now recovering from the injury caused by a fall from his horse at Seville, will have returned to England, with his mother and sisters. The Prince of Naples, on behalf of the King of Italy, will be present at the wedding.

Prince Bismarck, in replying a few days ago to a friendly deputation of Silesian ladies, said he always regretted that women are allowed so little influence in politics. He did not expect them to make speeches in Parliament, but he believed that the results of elections would be more rational and more satisfactory if they were more under female influence, and that wives and mothers,

The Russian Polish town of Brest-Litovsk was entirely destroyed by fire on the night of May 16, and forty-two persons were burnt to death, and more than a hundred severely injured. In Galicia, also, great distress has been occasioned by large fires.

Japan has been requested by Russia, France, and Germany to state the amount of pecuniary compensation from China required for abandoning her claim to the Liaotung peninsula. She will occupy Wei-hai-Wei until the other portion of the war indemnity is paid. China is about to raise a loan of fifty millions sterling in the European money markets.

The Supreme Court of the United States of America has decided by a majority of five judges against four that the Act of Congress imposing an income tax is contrary to the Constitution, and is therefore null and void.

The Spanish Government troops in Cuba, under Marshal Campos, have defeated two separate bands of insurgents, at Rio Seco and near Guadalupe, and have marched towards Cienfuegos.

The French military expedition in Madagascar has reached Beseva, on an inland river tributary to the Betsiboka, approaching Marovoay and the eastern slope of the central range of mountains, with two or three incidental fighting encounters, the Ilava kingdom, against which it is directed, lying beyond that range, with Antananarivo, its capital, in the middle of the island. General Duchesne has eight thousand troops between Majunga and Marovoay.

The advance of the British Indian expedition, commanded by General Sir Robert Low, to Chitral was accomplished on May 17, when he inspected all his troops and those of Colonel Kelly's relief column and the garrison of the fort in the presence of the temporary Mehtar, Shuja ul Mulk. Colonel Kelly will

stay at Chitral with a sufficient garrison; the rest of the forces will return to India. The Amir-ul-Mulk, who murdered his brother and usurped the rule of Chitral, has been sent to India as a prisoner.

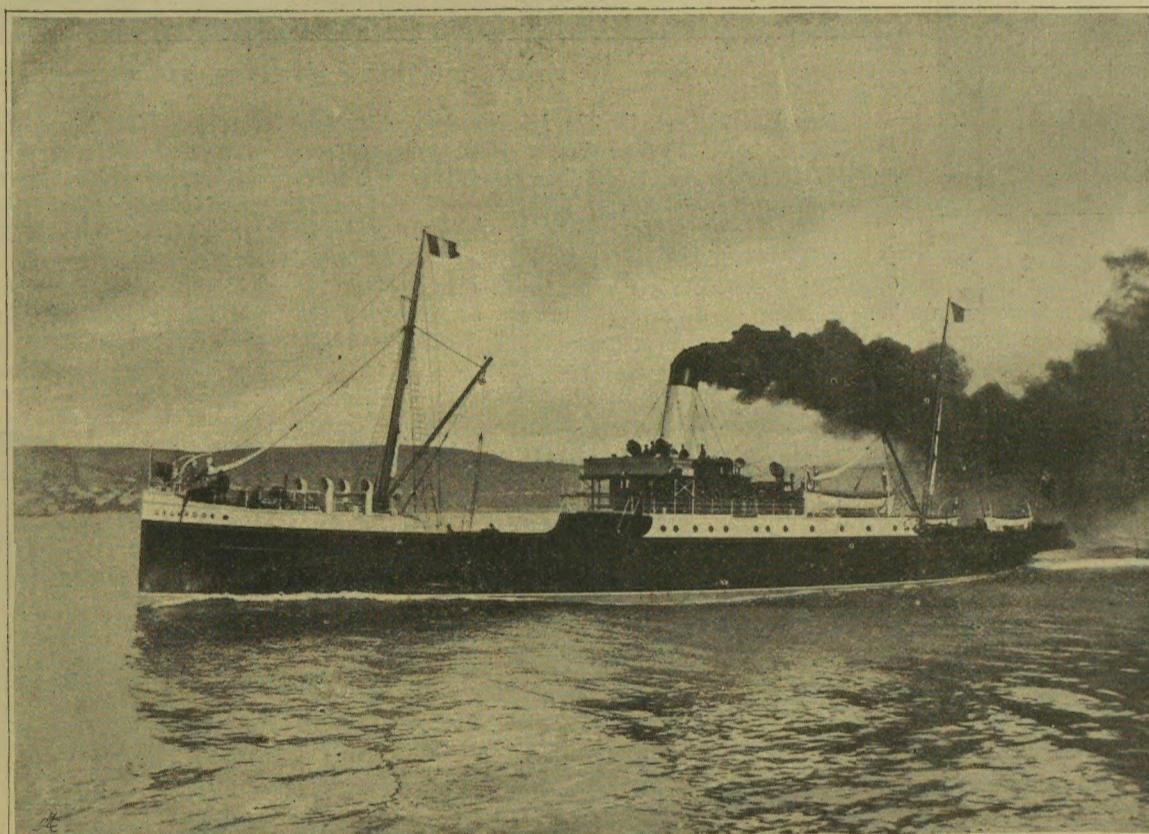
The Emperor of Austria has accepted Count Kalnoky's resignation of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on account of his disagreement with the Hungarian Government, and has appointed Count Goluchowski, a Polish nobleman already distinguished in the imperial diplomatic service, to fill his place.

A NEW ROUTE TO CAEN.

Normandy and Brittany are so delightful as resting-places for the tourist tired with the garish pleasures of crowded cities that one welcomes another means of access to this part of the French coast. Since May 1 there has been a new and regular steam-packet-service between London, Newhaven, and Caen. It owes its origin to the enterprising London and Brighton Railway Company, and has

already received extensive patronage. During the summer months there will be, doubtless, thousands who will take advantage of this opportunity of visiting the quaint town of Caen, Trouville, Rouen, and other picturesque spots within easy reach. The chief note of Caen is cheerful old age. Many specimens of mediæval architecture delight the eye, while numerous churches will prove of exceeding interest to the antiquary. Take, for example, the church of St. Pierre, on one side of the bustling market-place. Its spire could hardly be surpassed in all Normandy for graceful beauty. Then the church of St. Etienne claims careful attention as containing the empty grave of William the Conqueror. The Abbaye aux Dames must also be visited, and the tomb of Queen Matilda inspected. Besides other churches, each with some special architectural interest, there is the Hôtel de Ville, containing some grand pictures, one by Perugino, and a library of many thousands of volumes. There are pleasant avenues of trees through which one may wander at will, or there are suburbs, which can be easily reached in carriages. Caen boasts of having been the birthplace of Auber, the composer, Bishop Huet, the poet Malherbe, and others. Here, too, Beau Brummel ended his days. The two steamers, which the London and Brighton Railway Company has devoted to the journeys to Caen, are the *Calvados* (named after the department in which Caen is situated) and the *Trouville*. Both the vessels are the handiwork of Messrs. Denny Brothers, Dumbarton. They carry 325 passengers, and are most admirably adapted for the comfort and pleasure of all. There is amidships an excellent promenade deck, and beneath it is the saloon, handsomely furnished. Electricity has been used throughout for lighting the vessel. Captain Hartfield, an experienced seaman of many years' standing, is in command of the *Calvados*, while Captain Hinton, no less efficient a mariner, controls the *Trouville*.

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THE NEW ROUTE TO CAEN: THE STEAM-SHIP "CALVADOS."

THE FRANKLIN CELEBRATION.

On May 20, 1845, the Franklin Expedition set sail, never to return. On May 20, 1895, the Royal Geographical Society commemorated this national event amid the sympathetic interest of all Englishmen. The Arctic seas have fascinated lovers of adventure since the days of Cabot, but "they keep their secret still," despite the repeated attempts to solve it. In the Franklin



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Room at the Royal Hospital, Greenwich, there were exhibited many of the relics which alone told the story of the expedition's end. In the evening a meeting was held at London University, under the presidency of the Duke of York, who read an interesting address. Fifteen survivors



FRANKLIN RELICS: COOK'S KNIFE AND ITS HANDLE, GOLD-LACE BAND, SPOONS AND FORK.

of the Franklin Search Expedition, including Sir Erasmus Ommaney, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, Sir George Nares, and Mr. William Deane, were present. Our Illustrations will recall to the memory some of the incidents in a courageous voyage which will live in history. In an article published,



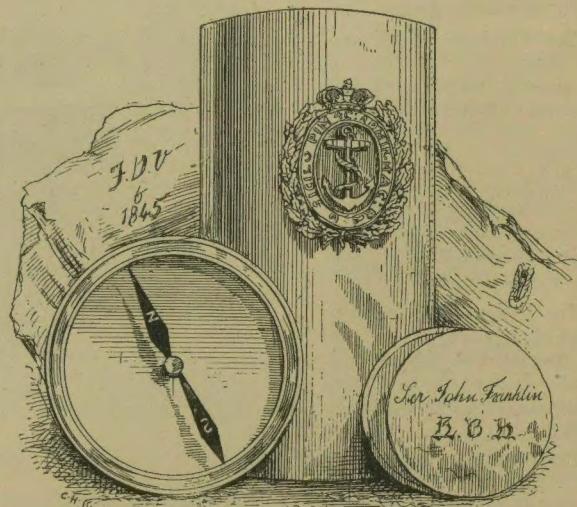
DISCOVERY OF RELICS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

with four illustrations, in *The Illustrated London News* of May 24, 1845, the departure of H.M. sloops *Erebus* and *Terror* from Greenhithe is recorded. Both of these vessels were fitted out for the South Polar Expedition of 1839-43, commanded by Captain Sir James Ross. The *Terror* had also been in Arctic regions in 1836, when Captain (afterwards Sir George) Back tried by way of Wager River to trace the northern boundary of the American continent. Sir John Franklin's expedition may be reckoned as the fifty-eighth enterprise of its kind. The Knight was appointed to the larger vessel, the *Erebus*, and Captain F. R. M. Crozier was in command of the *Terror*.

Each vessel was provided with two hundred tin cylinders for the purpose of holding papers which were to be thrown overboard with statements as to longitude and occurrences on the voyage. The biographical record of Sir John Franklin was eventful. He was born at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, in 1786, so was fifty-nine at the time of this departure. He had entered the Royal Navy at the age of fourteen, served on the *Polyphemus* when Nelson attacked the Danes off Copenhagen, was shipwrecked with Captain

Flinders, and was on board the *Bellerophon* at the Battle of Trafalgar. His first Northern expedition was in 1818, when he commanded the *Trent*. For two years he was engaged with Sir W. E. Parry on a land journey, attended by great suffering; and a similar experience

occupied him from 1825 to 1827. The long silence which followed after the departure of Sir John presaged the tragedy which later search revealed. Dr. Rae brought home several pathetic relics of the unfortunate expedition. He had heard that some Esquimaux possessed some curious articles, which they claimed to have received from an officer in command of forty English sailors in exchange for food. This was in 1850, and shortly afterwards the dead bodies of the men were found near Back River, and the Esquimaux removed other relics from them.



FRANKLIN RELICS: PART OF COMPASS, PIECE OF PLATE, PART OF FLANNEL SHIRT, AND CERTIFICATE-CASE.

We reproduce also an illustration which appeared in this paper in 1881, by Mr. H. W. Klutschak, the artist of the American Franklin Search Expedition. It was commanded by Lieutenant Schwatka, and traversed the district from the northern shore of Hudson's Bay to Simpson's Strait and thence to the north-western coast of King William's Land. It

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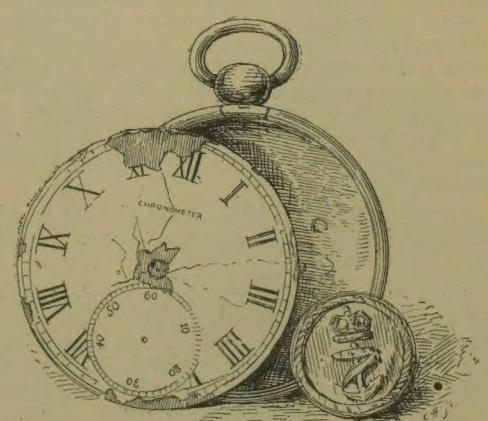
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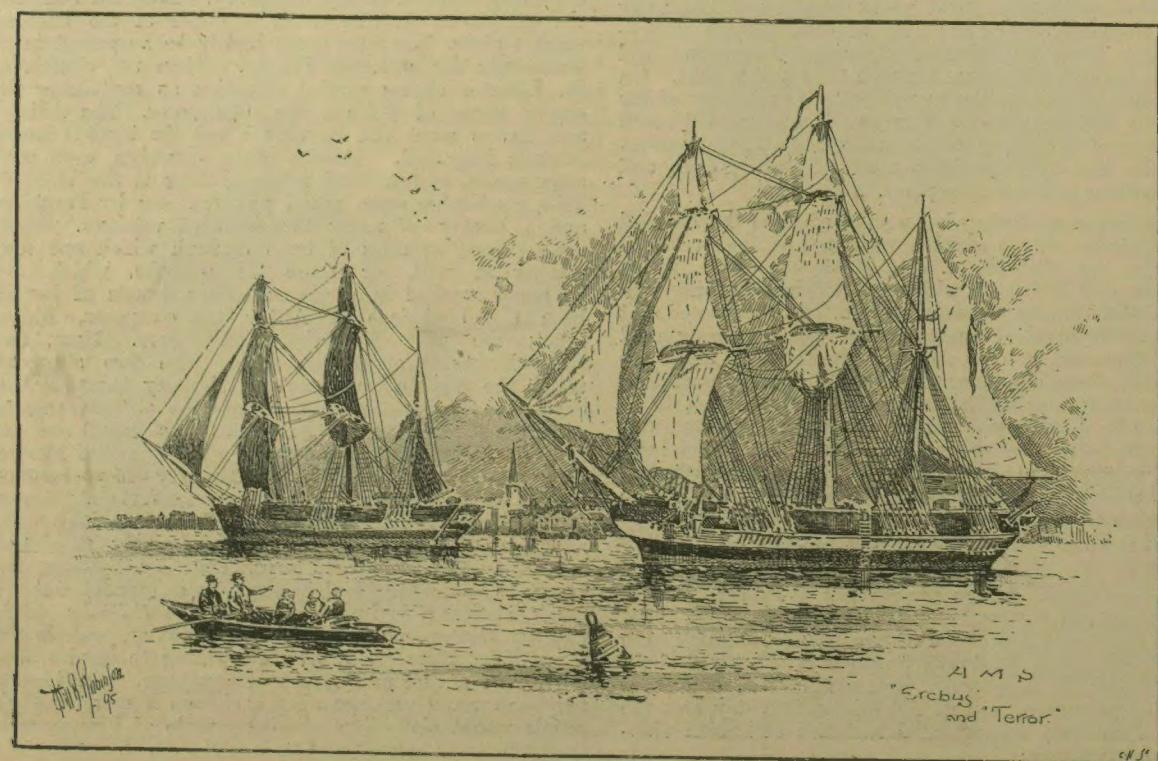
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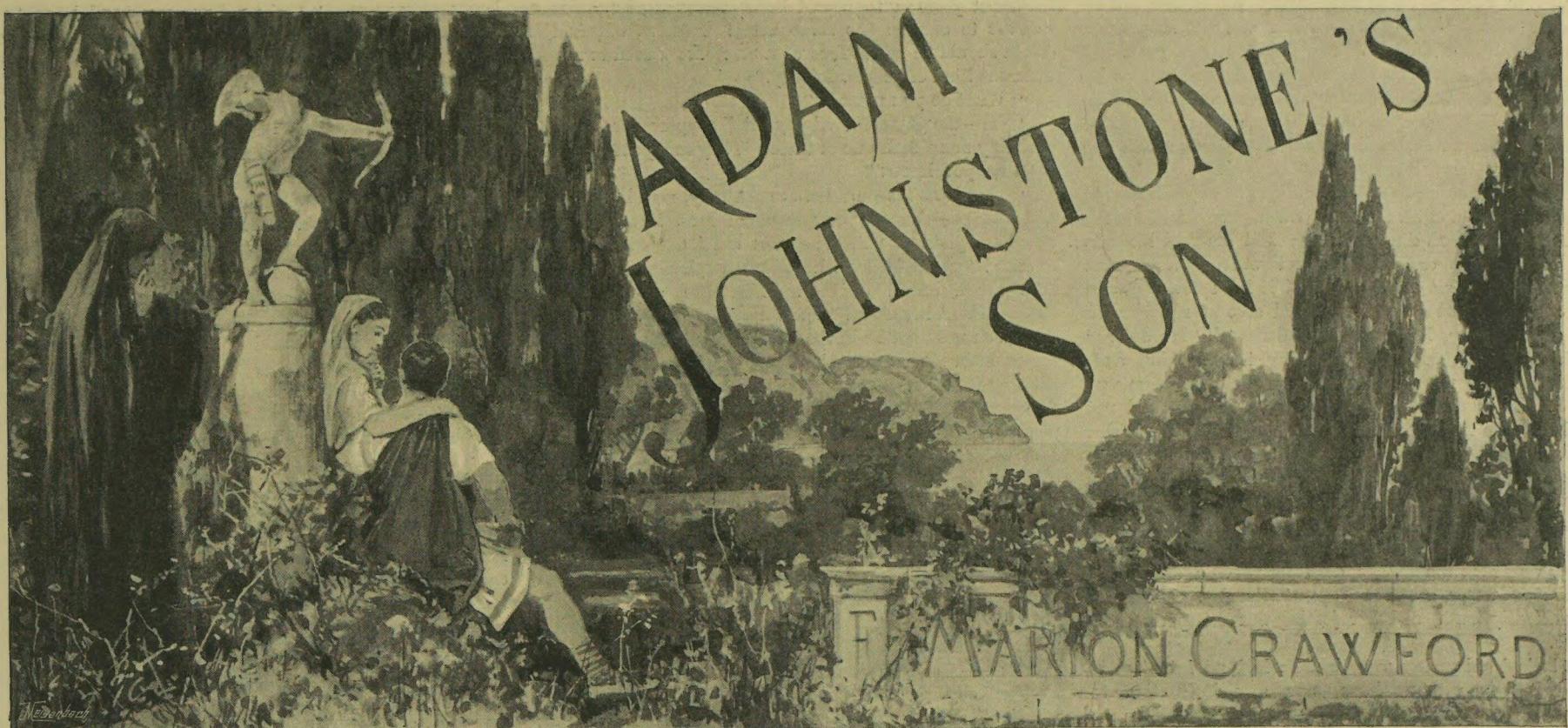


FRANKLIN RELICS: UNIFORM-BUTTON AND BROKEN WATCH.

tained the obvious grave of Lieutenant Irving, third officer of the *Terror*. The remains of the young officer were transmitted to Edinburgh, where they were interred.



THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION: H.M.S. "EREBUS" AND "TERROR."



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER IX.

Brook Johnstone had never been in the habit of observing his sensations nor of paying any great attention to his actions. He was not at all an actor, as Clare believed him to be, and the idea that he could ever have taken pleasure in giving pain would have made him laugh. Possibly, it would have made him very angry, but it certainly had no foundation at all in fact. He had been liked, loved, and made much of, not for anything he had ever taken the trouble to do, but partly for his own sake, and partly on account of his position. Such charm as he had for women lay in his frankness, good humour, and simplicity of character. That he had appeared to be changeable in his affection was merely due to the fact that he had never been in love. He vaguely recognised the fact in his inner consciousness, though he would have said that he had been in love half-a-dozen times, which only amounted to saying that women he had liked had been in love with him, or had thought that they were, or had wished to have it thought that he loved them, or had, perhaps, like poor Lady Fan, been willing to risk a good deal on the bare chance of marrying one of the best of society's matches in the end. He was too young to look upon such affairs very seriously. When he had been tired of the game he had not lacked the courage to say so, and in most cases he had been forgiven. Lady Fan might prove an exception, but he hoped not. He was enormously far removed from being a saint, it is true; but it is due to him to repeat that he had drawn the line rigidly at a certain limit, and that all women beyond that line had been to him as his own mother in thought and deed. Let those who have the right to cast stones—and the cruelty to do so—decide for themselves whether Brook Johnstone was a bad man at heart or not. It need not be hinted that a proportion of the stone-throwing Pharisees owe their immaculate reputation to their conspicuous lack of attraction: the little band has a place apart, and they stand there and lapidate most of us, and secretly wish that they had ever had the chance of being as bad as we are without being found out. But the great army of the pure in heart are mixed with us sinners in the fight, and though they may pray for us they do not carp at our imperfections—and occasionally they get hit by the Pharisees just as we do, being rather whiter than we, and therefore offering a more tempting mark for a jagged stone or a handful of pious mud. You may know the Pharisee by his intimate knowledge of the sins he has never committed.

Besides, though the code of honour is not worth much as compared with the Ten Commandments, it is notably better than nothing, in the way of morality. It will keep a man from lying and evil speaking as well as from picking and stealing, and if it does not force him to honour all women as angels, it makes him respect a very large proportion of them as good women, and therefore sacred, in a very practical way of sacredness. Brook Johnstone always was very careful in all matters where honour and his own feeling about honour were concerned. For that reason he had told Clare that he had never done anything very bad, whereas what she had seen him do was monstrous in her eyes. She had not reflected that she knew nothing about Lady Fan; and if she had heard half there was to be known, she would not have understood. That night on the platform Lady Fan had given her own version of what had taken place on the Acropolis at sunset, and Brook had not denied anything. Clare did not reflect that Lady Fan might very possibly have exaggerated the facts very much in her statement of them, and that at such a time Brook was certainly not the man to argue the case, since it had manifestly been his only course to take all the apparent blame on himself. Even if he had known that Clare had heard the conversation, he could not possibly have explained the matter to her—not even if she had been an old woman—without telling all the truth about Lady Fan, and he was too honourable a man to do that, under any conceivable circumstances.

He was decidedly and really in love with the girl. He knew it, because what he felt was not like anything he had ever felt before. It was anything but the pleasurable excitement to which he was accustomed. There might have been something of that if he had received even the smallest encouragement. But, do what he would, he could find none. The attraction increased, and the encouragement was daily less, he thought. Clare



"Mother, sweet! Of course I love you!"

occasionally said things which made him half believe that she did not wholly dislike him. That was as much as he could say. He cudgelled his brains and wrung his memory to discover what he could have done to offend her, and he could not remember anything—which was not surprising. It was clear that she had never heard of him before he had come to Amalfi. He had satisfied himself of that by questions, otherwise he would naturally enough have come near the truth and guessed that she must have known of some affair in which he had been concerned, which she judged harshly from her own point of view.

He was beginning to suffer, and he was not accustomed to suffering, least of all to any of the mental kind, for his life had always gone smoothly. He had believed hitherto that most people exaggerated, and worried themselves unnecessarily. But when he found it hard to sleep, and noticed that he had a dull, unsatisfied sort of misery with him all day long, he began to understand. He did not think that Clare could really enjoy teasing him, and, besides, it was not like mere teasing, either. She was evidently in earnest when she repeated that she did not like him. He knew her face when she was chaffing, and her tone, and the little bending of the delicate, swan-like throat, too long for perfect beauty, but not for perfect grace. When she was in earnest, her head rose, her eyes looked straight before her, and her voice sank to a graver note. He knew all the signs of truth, for with her it was always very near the surface, dwelling not in a deep well, but in clear water, as it were, open to the sky. Her truth was evidently truth, and her jesting was transparent as a child's.

It looked a hopeless case, but he had no intention of considering it without hope, nor any inclination to relinquish his attempts. He did not tell himself in so many words that he wished to marry her, and intended to marry her, and would marry her, if it were humanly possible, and he assuredly made no such promises to himself. Nor did he look at her as he had looked at women in whom he had been momentarily interested, appreciating her good points of face and figure, cataloguing and compiling her attractions so as to admire them all in turn, forget none, and receive their whole effect.

He had a restless, hungry craving that left him no peace, and that seemed to desire only a word, a look, the slightest touch of sympathy to be instantly satisfied. And he could not get from her one softened glance, nor one sympathetic pressure of the hand, nor one word spoken more gravely than another, except the assurance of her genuine dislike.

That was the only thing he had to complain of, but it was enough. He could not reproach her with having encouraged him, for she had told him the truth from the first. He had not quite believed her. So much the worse for him. If he had, and if he had gone to Naples to wait for his people, all this would not have happened, for he had not fallen in love at first sight. A fortnight of daily and almost hourly intercourse was very good and reasonable ground for being in love.

He grew absent-minded, and his pipe went out unexpectedly, which always irritated him, and sometimes he did not take the trouble to light it again. He rose at dawn and went for long walks in the hills, with the idea that the early air and the lofty coolness would do him good, and with the acknowledged intention of doing his walking at an hour when he could not possibly be with Clare. For he could not keep away from her, whether Mrs. Bowring were with her or not. He was too much a man of the world to sit all day long before her, glaring at her in shy silence, as a boy might have done, and as he would have been content to do; so he took immense pains to be agreeable, when her mother was present, and Mrs. Bowring liked him, and said that he had really a most extraordinary talent for conversation. It was not that he ever said anything very memorable, but he talked most of the time, and always pleasantly, telling stories about people and places he had known, discussing the lighter books of the day, and affecting that profound ignorance of politics which makes some women feel at their ease, and encourages amusing discussion.

Mrs. Bowring watched him when she was there with a persistency which might have made him nervous if he had not been wholly absorbed in her daughter. She evidently saw something in him which reminded her of someone or something. She had changed of late, and Clare was beginning to think that she must be ill, though she scouted the suggestion, and said that she was growing daily stronger. She had altogether relaxed her vigilance with regard to the two young people, and seemed willing that they should go where they pleased together, and sit alone together by the hour.

"I dare say I watched him a good deal at first," she said to her daughter. "But I have made up my mind about him. He's a very good sort of young fellow, and I'm glad that you have a companion. You see, I can't walk much, and now that you are getting better you need exercise. After all, one can always trust the best of one's own people. He's not falling in love with you, is he, dear? I sometimes fancy that he looks at you as though he were."

"Nonsense, mother!" and Clare laughed intentionally. "But he's very good company."

"It would be very unfortunate if he did," said Mrs.

Bowring, looking away and speaking almost to herself. "I am not sure that we should not have gone away—"

"Really! If one is to be turned out of the most beautiful place in the world because a young Englishman chooses to stop in the same hotel! Besides, why in the world should he fall in love with me? He's used to a very different kind of people, I fancy."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh—the gay set—a gay set, I suppose, for there are probably more than one of them. They are quite different from us, you know."

"That is no reason. On the contrary, men like variety and change—change, yes," repeated Mrs. Bowring, with an odd emphasis. "At all events, child, don't take a fancy to him!" she added, with sudden emphasis. "Not that I'm much afraid of that. You are anything but 'susceptible,' my dear!" she laughed faintly.

"You need not be in the least afraid," answered Clare. "But, after all, mother—just supposing the case—I can't see why it should be such an awful calamity if we took a fancy to each other. We belong to the same class of people, if not to the same set. He has enough money, and I'm not absolutely penniless, though we are as poor as church mice—"

"For Heaven's sake, don't suggest such a thing!" cried Mrs. Bowring.

Her face was white and her lips trembled. There was a frightened look in her pale eyes, and she turned her face quickly to her daughter and quickly away again.

"Mother!" exclaimed the young girl in surprise. "What in the world is the matter? I was only laughing—besides—" she stopped puzzled. "Tell me the truth, mother," she continued suddenly. "You know about his people—his father is some connection of—of your first husband—there's some disgraceful story about them—tell me the truth. Why shouldn't I know?"

"I hope you never will!" answered Mrs. Bowring in a low voice that had a sort of horror in it.

"Then there is something?" Clare herself turned a little paler as she asked the question.

"Don't ask me—don't ask me!"

"Something disgraceful?" The young girl leaned forward as she spoke, and her eyes were wide and anxious, forcing her mother to speak.

"Yes—no," faltered Mrs. Bowring. "Nothing to do with this one—something his father did long ago."

"Dishonourable?" asked Clare, her voice sinking lower and lower.

"No—not as men look at it—oh, don't ask me! Please don't ask me—please don't, darling!"

"Then his yacht is named after you," said the young girl in a flash of intelligence.

"His yacht?" asked the elder woman excitedly. "What? I don't understand."

"Mr. Johnstone told me that his father had a big steam yacht called the *Lucy*,—mother, that man loved you, he loves you still!"

"Me? Oh, no—no, he never loved me!" She laughed wildly, with quivering lips. "Don't, child—don't! For God's sake don't ask questions—you'll drive me mad! It's the secret of my life—the only secret I have from you—oh, Clare, if you love me at all—don't ask me!"

"Mother, sweet! Of course I love you!"

The young girl, very pale and wondering, kneeled beside the elder woman and threw her arms around her and drew down her face, kissing the white cheeks and the starting tears and the faded flaxen hair. The storm subsided, almost without breaking, for Mrs. Bowring was a brave woman, and, in some ways, a strong woman, and whatever her secret might be she had kept it long and well from her daughter.

Clare knew her, and inwardly decided that the secret must have been worth keeping. She loved her mother far too well to hurt her with questions; but she was amazed at what she herself felt of resentful curiosity to know the truth about anything which could cast a shadow upon the man she disliked, as she thought so sincerely. Her mind worked like lightning, while her voice spoke softly and her hands sought those thin, familiar, gentle fingers which were an integral part of her world and life.

Two possibilities presented themselves. Johnstone's father was a brother or near connection of her mother's first husband. Either she had loved him, been deceived in him, and had married the brother instead; or, having married, this man had hated her and fought against her, and harmed her, because she was his elder brother's wife, and he coveted the inheritance. In either case it was no fault of Brook's. The most that could be said would be that he might have his father's character. She inclined to the first of her theories. Old Johnstone had made love to her mother and had half broken her heart before she had married his brother. Brook was no better—and she thought of Lady Fan. But she was strangely glad that her mother had said "not dishonourable, as men look at it." It had been as though a cruel hand had been taken from her throat, when she had heard that.

"But, mother," she said presently, "these people are coming to-morrow or the next day—and they mean to stay, he says. Let us go away before they come. We can come back afterwards—you don't want to meet them."

Mrs. Bowring was calm again, or appeared to be so, whatever was passing in her mind.

"I shall certainly not run away," she answered in a low, steady voice. "I will not run away and leave Adam Johnstone's son to tell his father that I was afraid to meet him, or his wife," she added, almost in a whisper. "I've been weak, sometimes, my dear—" Her voice rose to its natural key again, "and I've made a mistake in life. But I won't be a coward; I don't believe I am by nature, and if I were I wouldn't let myself be afraid now."

"It would not be fear, mother. Why should you suffer if you are going to suffer in meeting him? We had much better go away at once. When they have all left we can come back."

"And you would not mind going away to-morrow and never seeing Brook Johnstone again?" asked Mrs. Bowring quietly.

"I? No! Why should I?"

Clare meant to speak the truth, and she thought that it was the truth. But it was not. She grew a little paler a moment after the words had passed her lips, but her mother did not see the change of colour.

"I'm glad of that, at all events," said the elder woman. "But I won't go away. No—I won't," she repeated, as though spurring her own courage.

"Very well," answered the young girl. "But we can keep very much to ourselves all the time they are here, can't we? We needn't make their acquaintance—at least—" she stopped short, realising that it would be impossible to avoid knowing Brook's people if they were stopping in the same hotel.

"Their acquaintance!" Mrs. Bowring laughed bitterly at the idea.

"Oh! I forgot," said Clare. "At all events, we need not meet unnecessarily. That's what I mean, you know."

There was a short pause, during which her mother seemed to be thinking.

"I shall see him alone, for I have something to say to him," she said at last, as though she had come to a decision. "Go out, my dear," she added. "Leave me alone a little while. I shall be all right when it is time for luncheon."

Her daughter left her, but she did not go out at once. She went to her own room and sat down to think over what she had seen and heard. If she went out she would probably find Johnstone waiting for her, and she did not wish to meet him just then. It was better to be alone. She would find out why the idea of not seeing him any more had hurt her after she had spoken.

But that was not an easy matter at all. So soon as she tried to think of herself and her own feelings she began to think of her mother. And when she endeavoured to solve the mystery and guess the secret, her thoughts flew off suddenly to Brook, and she wished that she were outside in the sunshine talking to him. And again, as the probable conversation suggested itself to her, she was glad that she was not with him, and she tried to think again. Then she forced herself to recall the scene with Lady Fan on the terrace, and she did her best to put him in the worst possible light, which, in her opinion, was a very bad light indeed. And his father before him—Adam—her mother had told her the name for the first time, and it struck her as an odd one—old Adam Johnstone had been a heart-breaker, and a faith-breaker, and a betrayer of women before Brook was in the world at all. Her theory held good when she looked at it fairly, and her resentment grew apace. It was natural enough, for in her imagination she had always hated that first husband of her mother's who had come and gone before her father; and now she extended her hatred to this probable brother, and it had much more force because the man was alive and a reality, and was soon to come and be a visible talking person. There was one good point about him and his coming. It helped her to revive her hatred of Brook, and to colour it with the inheritance of some harm done to her own mother. That certainly was an advantage.

But she should be very sorry not to see Brook any more, never to hear him talk to her again, never to look into his eyes—which, all the same, she so unreasonably dreaded. It was beyond her powers of analysis to reconcile her like and dislike. All the little logic she had said that it was impossible to like and dislike the same person at the same time. She seemed to have two hearts, and the one cried "Hate!" while the other cried "Love!" That was absurd, and altogether ridiculous, and quite contemptible.

There they were, however, the two hearts, fighting it out, or at least altercating and threatening to fight and hurt her. Of course "love" meant "like"—it was a general term, well contrasting with "hate." As for really caring, beyond a liking for Brook Johnstone, she was sure that it was impossible. But the liking was strong. She exploded her difficulty at last with a bomb of a splendidly youthful quibble. She said to herself that she undoubtedly hated him and despised him, and that he was certainly the very lowest of living men for treating Lady Fan so badly—besides being a black sinner, a point which had less weight. And then she told herself that the cry of something in her to "like" instead of hating was simply the expression of what she might have felt, and would have felt, and would have had a right to have felt, had it not been for poor Lady Fan; but also of something which she assuredly did not feel, never could feel, and never

meant to feel. In other words, she should have liked Brook if she had not had good cause to dislike him. She was satisfied with this explanation of her feelings, and she suddenly felt that she could go out and see him and talk to him without being inconsistent. She had forgotten to explain to herself why she wished him not to go away. She went out accordingly, and sat down on the terrace in the soft air.

She glanced up and down, but Johnstone was not to be seen anywhere, and she wished that she had not come out after all. He had probably waited some time and had then gone for a walk by himself. She thought that he might have waited just a little longer before giving it up, and she half unconsciously made up her mind to repute him by staying indoors after luncheon. She had not even brought a book or a piece of work, for she had felt quite sure that he would be walking up and down as usual, with his pipe, looking as though he owned the scenery. She half rose to go in, and then changed her mind. She would give him one more chance, and count fifty before she went away, at a good quick rate.

She began to count. At thirty-five her pace slackened. She stopped a long time at forty-five, and then went slowly to the end. But Johnstone did not come. Once again, she reluctantly decided—and she began slowly; and again she slackened speed and dragged over the last ten numbers. But he did not come.

"Oh, this is ridiculous!" she exclaimed aloud to herself, as she rose impatiently from her seat.

She felt injured, for her mother had sent her away, and there was no one to talk to her, and she did not care to think any more, lest the questions she had decided should again seem open and doubtful. She went into the hotel and walked down the corridor. He might be in the reading-room. She

walked quickly, because she was a little ashamed of looking for him when she felt that he should be looking for her. Suddenly she stopped, for she heard him whistling somewhere. Whistling was his solitary accomplishment, and he did it very well. There was no mistaking the shakes and runs, and pretty bird-like cadences. She listened, but she bit her lip. He was light-hearted, at all events, she thought.

The sound came nearer, and Brook suddenly appeared in the corridor, his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets. As he caught sight of Clare the shrill tune ceased and one hand removed the hat.

"I've been looking for you everywhere for the last two hours!" he cried as he came along. "Good morning," he said as he reached her. "I was just going back to the terrace in despair."

"It sounded more as though you were whistling for me," answered Clare with a laugh, for she was suddenly happy and pacified and peaceful.

"Well—not exactly!" he answered; "but I did hope

that you would hear me and know that I was about—wishing you would come."

"I always come out in the morning," she replied with sudden demureness. "Indeed—I wondered where you were. Let us go out, shall we?"

"We might go for a walk," suggested Brook.

"It is too late."

"Just a little walk—down to the town and across the bridge to Atrani, and back. Couldn't we? Oh, we could, of course. Very well—I've got a hat on, haven't I? All right; come along!"

"My people are coming to-day," said Brook, as they passed through the door. "I've just had a telegram."

"To-day!" exclaimed Clare in surprise, and somewhat disturbed.

"Yes, you know I have been expecting them at any

brewer. He's much bigger than I am, but he's rather odd, you know. Sometimes he'll talk like anything, and sometimes he won't open his lips. We aren't at all alike in that way. I talk all the time, I believe—rain or shine. Don't I bore you dreadfully sometimes?"

"No—you never bore me," answered Clare with perfect truth.

"I mean when I talk as I did yesterday afternoon," said Johnstone with a shade of irritation.

"Oh, that—yes! Please don't begin again and spoil our walk!"

But the walk was not destined to be a long one. A narrow paved footway leads down from the old monastery to the shore, in zigzag, between low whitewashed walls, passing at last under some houses which are built across it on arches.

Just as they came in sight a tall old man emerged from this archway, walking steadily up the hill. He was tall and bony, with a long grey beard, shaggy, bent brows, keen dark eyes, and an eagle nose. He wore clothes of rough grey woollen tweed, and carried a grey felt hat in one long hand.

A moment after he had come out of the arch he caught sight of Brook, and his rough face brightened instantly. He waved the grey hat and called out—

"Hulloa, my boy! There you are, eh!"

His voice was thin, like many Scotch voices, but it carried far and had a manly ring in it. Brook did not answer, but waved his hat.

"That's my father," he said in a low tone to Clare. "May I introduce him? And there's my mother—being carried up in the chair."

A couple of lusty porters were carrying Lady Johnstone up the steep ascent. She was a fat lady, with bright blue eyes like her son's, and a much brighter colour. She had a parasol in one hand and a fan in the other, and she shook a little with every step the porters

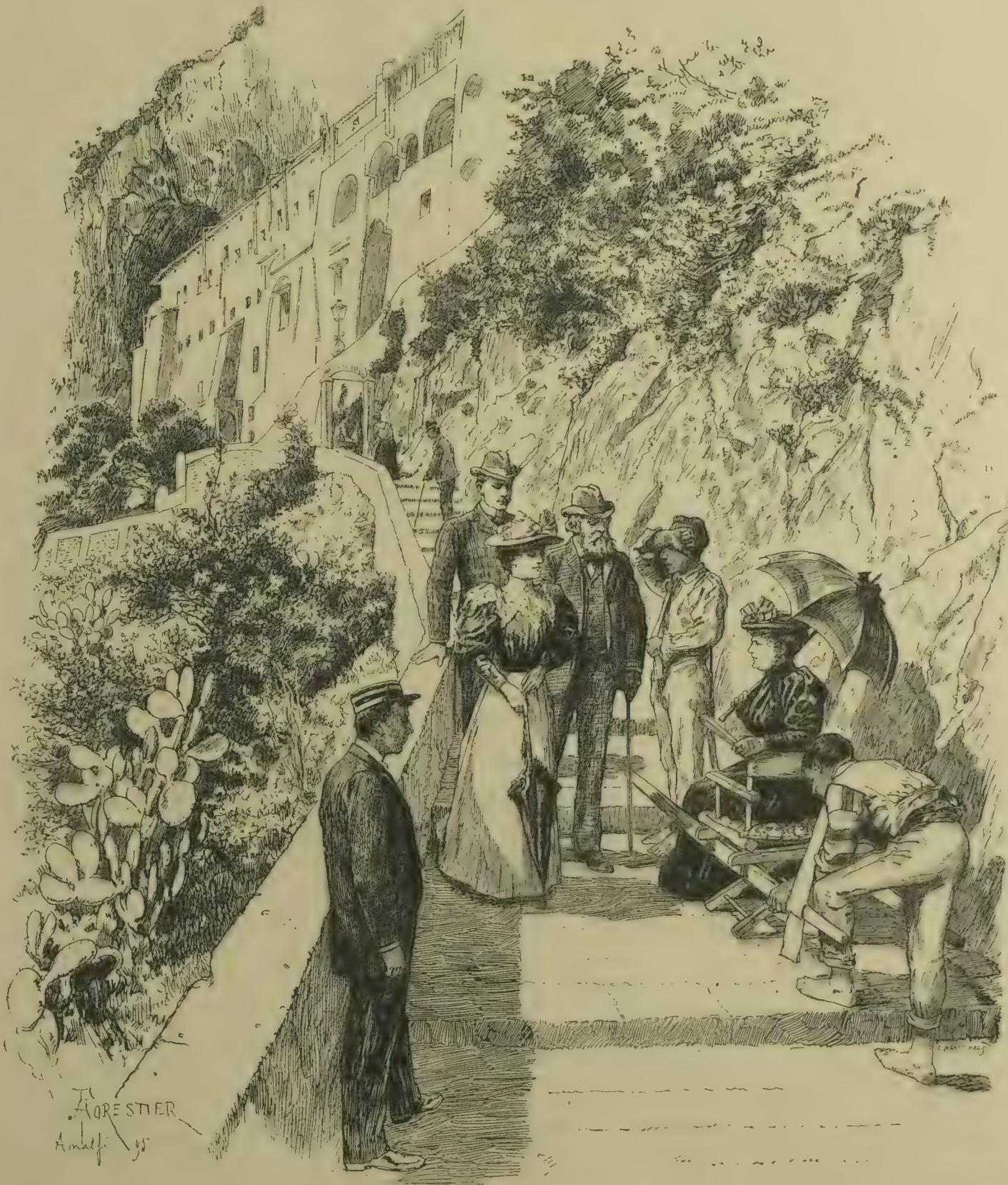
made. In the rear, a moment later, came other porters carrying boxes and bags of all sizes. Then a short woman, evidently Lady Johnstone's maid, came quietly along by herself, stopping occasionally to look at the sea.

Clare looked curiously at the party as they approached. Her first impulse had been to leave Brook and go back alone to warn her mother. It was not far. But she realised that it would be much better and wiser to face the introduction at once. In less than five minutes Sir Adam had reached them. He shook hands with Brook vigorously, and looked at him as a man looks who loves his son. Clare saw the glance, and it pleased her.

"Let me introduce you to Miss Bowring," said Brook. "Mrs. Bowring and Miss Bowring are staying here, and have been awfully good to me."

Sir Adam turned his keen eyes to Clare, as she held out her hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but are you a daughter of Captain Bowring, who was killed some years ago in Africa?"



Sir Adam gravely introduced Clare.

moment. I fancy they have been knocking about, you know—seeing Paestum and all that. They are such queer people. They always want to see everything—as though it mattered!"

"There are only the two—Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone?"

"Yes—that's all." Brook laughed a little, as though she had said something amusing.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Clare, naturally enough.

"Oh, nothing. It's ridiculous—but it sounded funny—unfamiliar, I mean. My father has fallen a victim to knighthood—that's all. The affliction came upon him some time ago, and his name is Adam—of all names in the world!"

"It was the first," observed Clare reasonably. "It doesn't sound badly either—Sir Adam. I beg his pardon for calling him 'Mr.'" She laughed in her turn.

"Oh, he wouldn't mind," said Brook. "He's not at all that sort. Do you know? I think you'll like him awfully. He's a fine old chap in his way, though he is a

"Yes." She looked up to him inquiringly and distrustfully.

His face brightened again and softened—then hardened singularly, all at once. She could not have believed that such features could change so quickly.

"And my son says that your mother is here! My dear young lady, I'm very glad! I hope you mean to stay."

The words were cordial. The tone was cold. Brook stared at his father, very much surprised to find that he knew anything of the Bowrings, for he himself had not mentioned them in his letters. But the porters, walking more slowly, had just brought his mother up to where the three stood, and waited, panting a little, and the chair swinging slightly from the shoulder-straps.

"Dear old boy!" cried Lady Johnstone. "It is good to see you. No—don't kiss me, my dear—it's far too hot. Let me look at you."

Sir Adam gravely introduced Clare. Lady Johnstone's

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Winchester, preaching at Cambridge, made special reference to Dean Farrar's recently published exposition of Daniel. After a graceful compliment to the "indefatigable scholar, whose erudition adds lustre even to the eminent society of which he is a member," the Bishop went on to say that he did not feel competent to pass an opinion on the value of Dean Farrar's conclusions. If the prophecy of Daniel was really proved to be of no more historical value than "The Pilgrim's Progress," then with reluctant obedience the Church must finally accept the verdict. But from that time it would cease to be to ordinary preachers a book from which they could take a text or inculcate an example.

Canon Gore thinks that the first step for Churchmen is to make a serious attempt to persuade Parliament to relieve their consciences of the burden at present laid upon them

Dr. Heurtley's funeral, a very long list of supporters of Dr. Sanday appeared, including the names of the Bishops of Southwell, Peterborough, and Newcastle. From this, it seemed certain that Dr. Sanday would poll a majority among the resident electors, and in prospect of this result Dr. Waco declined to come forward. The chair, it may safely be added, would have been adorned by either divine.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe has announced to his congregation that he will in future preach in a surplice instead of the gown.

Canon Blunt has resigned, owing to enfeebled health, the rectory of Chester-le-Street, which he has held for twenty-two years.

The recently published biography of Mr. Freeman throws much curious light on the development of his religious opinions. He remained to the end staunchly attached to the Church of England, but he passed from



THE LONDON SEASON: PICCADILLY.

fat face became stony as a red granite mummy-case, and she bent her apoplectic neck stiffly.

"Oh!" she ejaculated. "Very glad, I'm sure. Were you going for a walk?" she asked, turning to Brook severely.

"Yes, there was just time. I didn't know when to expect you. But if Miss Bowring doesn't mind, we'll give it up, and I'll install you. Your rooms are all ready."

It was at once clear to Clare that Lady Johnstone had never heard the name of Bowring, and that she resented the idea of her son walking alone with any young girl.

(To be continued.)

In South Africa the Transvaal Government has to face a considerable native war, breaking out in the Zoutpansberg district, which is four hundred miles north of Johannesburg. The warlike Makatse tribes, led by their great chief Magato, and armed with rifles sold to them by traders on the east coast, are likely to require a long campaign. General Joubert is to take the field against them with eight thousand white men, if he can get so many, and twelve thousand native allies, including Swazis.

by the legal requirement to lend their churches for the re-marriage even of the guilty party in divorce. "If we fail in securing this—which there is real reason to hope may not be the case—we shall have, no doubt, to resort to a more painful course to rid ourselves of complicity, as a Church, in what we believe to amount to a serious disobedience to a Divine law. But we must surely make a serious attempt with Parliament first."

If a clergyman refuses to allow a church entrusted to his care to be used for the marriage of divorced persons, how could he carry out this determination? Such is the question put by a puzzled clergyman. "Supposing, for instance, I resisted *vi et armis*, resort would be had to the nearest policeman. Were I to content myself with locking the church door, the parties would only have to fetch a locksmith and direct the bill to be sent to me." But is this really so?

Dr. Sanday, it appears, is to be the successor of Dr. Heurtley as Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford. According to a Church paper, immediately after

High Churchism to Broad Churchism. It seems that towards the end of his life he was asked to become a candidate for the Gifford lectureship in the University of Aberdeen. The duty of the Gifford lecturer is to discourse on the existence of the Deity, and certainly it is difficult to see what Freeman's special qualifications for such work were. It is not surprising that the Aberdeen electors rejected him, and chose instead Dr. Fairbairn of Oxford. To do Freeman justice, he recognised the wisdom of this step.

So far, there has been no appointment of a successor to Dean Farrar as Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons. The name of a certain eloquent Canon who is interested in politics has been mentioned.

Mr. J. Henry Shorthouse, who is little heard of nowadays, contributes to the *Guardian* a gracefully expressed "In Memoriam" notice of the late Lord Selborne. Judging by its tone, Mr. Shorthouse has made a considerable advance in the definiteness of his religious beliefs.

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. GLOVER, ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.



PERIOD 1685.



PERIOD 1743.



PERIOD 1751.



PERIOD 1814.



PERIOD 1818.



PERIOD 1865.

The 3rd (King's Own) Hussars are giving at the Military Tournament a display of the uniforms, trappings, and saddlery worn by the regiment between 1685 and the present day. This historical parade was started at the tournament in Dublin last year, and the display was enthusiastically admired. Each section marched into the arena to music of the period represented, and to the trumpet calls of the different times; and after the entry of the section illustrative of the present period, the entire parade went through a pretty figure ride. The East Kent Regiment, which claims to be a direct descendant of the London Trained Bands, is also giving an historical display on similar lines.

THE BOSWELL CENTENARY.

BY GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L.

One hundred and thirty-two years ago, in this very month of May, a young Scottish gentleman had the impudence to publish to the world the letters which had passed between himself and a friend. In one of them, written when he was but twenty-one, he said: "I am thinking of



AUCHINLECK, AYRSHIRE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BOSWELL.

the perfect knowledge which I shall acquire of men and manners, of the intimacies which I shall form with the learned and ingenuous in every science, and of the many amusing literary anecdotes which I shall record." Never has vanity been better justified. James Boswell did acquire, if not a perfect yet a most curious knowledge of men and manners; he did form not only intimacies but warm friendships with the learned and ingenuous, and he not only picked up many amusing literary anecdotes, but he interwove them into a book which is unsurpassed in its kind in any language, and which is read again and again with never-failing pleasure by all classes of men wherever the English tongue is spoken. One of his dreams was not to be realised. "It is not impossible," he wrote, "but that I may catch a little true poetic inspiration, and have my works splendidly printed at Strawberry Hill under the benign influence of the Honourable Horace Walpole." His works were to be handsomely if not splendidly printed, but from poetry he was as wide as the poles asunder. He never got nearer to the Muses than a man can be brought by devotion to the bottle.

In this foolish dream, if he ever really indulged in it, he never indulged long. He was quick in discovering where his true powers lay. Thousands of ambitious youths in every age long for fame: he was one of those few—those happy few—who go the right way to attain it. He saw where the mark lay, and he aimed straight at it. He was a heaven-born biographer, and by a natural instinct he sought the friendship of men whose sayings and doings were worth recording. He was but twenty-two when, full of "a kind of mysterious veneration," he presented himself before that great man who, in his fancy, lived "in a state of solemn elevated abstraction in the immense metropolis of London." The "solemn elevated abstraction" must soon have been dissipated by the port wine and the late hours in which Johnson indulged, but the veneration, though it ceased to be mysterious, was as strong and deep as ever. His hero, in the fierce light that beat upon him in a hundred taverns, remained a hero to the very end. The disciple at once began to record his master's talk. No man had a keener relish for the pleasures of life than Boswell; yet, in these days of his hot youth, in the midst

reverberation of praise," that he thus laboured. The fame which he longed to secure could not be his till after his hero's death. It was in 1763 that he first met Johnson; not till 1791 was his *Magnum Opus*, as he delighted to call it, given to the world. It was a man of no common character who could plough so deep and sow so diligently for so distant a harvest. When we call to mind all Boswell's weaknesses—weaknesses which ruined his health and brought him to a premature grave—let us not forget how strong he showed himself in his highest and noblest aims.

Meanwhile he was not without a fair measure of fame. His "wise and noble curiosity" led this young man of pleasure to the capital of Corsica, where Paoli was slowly building up a free government. "Boswell had gone," said Johnson, "where, perhaps, no native of Great Britain ever was before." "A man come from Corsica," said Paoli, "will be like a man come from the Antipodes." On his return he published a journal which might well be a model to all travellers. It tells all that is needful to be told, and it is so brief that it can easily be read at a sitting. There is no word-painting in it. That

of Johnson" was in one respect like the "Odyssey." "Amidst a thousand entertaining and instructive episodes the hero is never long out of sight; for they are all in some degree connected with him."

His vanity never offends us, for he never hides it. He never makes use of an artifice to gratify it and to conceal it.

It was as well known to himself as it is to his readers.

In his "Letter to the People of Scotland" he begs his countrymen to allow him to indulge his egotism and his vanity.

"They are," he adds, "the indigenous plants of my mind; they distinguish it. I may prune their luxuriance; but I must not entirely clear it of them; for then I should

be no longer 'as I am,' and perhaps there might be something not so good." Goldsmith, whose failings were almost as great and as ridiculous as Boswell's, like all real humorists, was himself aware of them. In his writings he laughs at them and at himself, sometimes disguising himself under the Vicar of Wakefield and his two sons, sometimes under the Man in Black in "The Citizen of the World."

In private life these failings were a constant source of vexation to him, while they often exposed him to the unveiled contempt of his company. He wore them awkwardly; like his clothes, they never fitted him. Boswell managed his far better. Over Goldsmith's clumsy vanity and his jealous irritability we all grieve; Boswell we would no more have changed than Falstaff. He likes praise, he likes to be talked about, he likes to know great people, and he no more cares to conceal his likings than Sancho Panza cared to conceal his appetite.

He is entirely free from hypocrisy. He is aware of his genius. On one side of his character he knows that he deserves the respect and the gratitude of mankind. His fame he turns to strange account. It is to be a kind of license—a plenary indulgence to enable him to give full reins to the joyous and animal side of his nature. In the preface to his "Corsica" he writes: "To preserve a uniform dignity among those who see us every day is hardly possible; and to aim at it must put us under the fetters of a perpetual restraint. The author of an approved book may allow his natural disposition an easy play, and yet indulge the pride of superior genius when he considers that by those who know him only as an author he never ceases to be respected."

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There was one man, and one man only, before whom his high spirits ever failed him—his genius ever quailed. With Voltaire and Rousseau, Paoli and Hume, Franklin and Johnson, dukes and duchesses, he was at his ease. Even the great Chatham did not overawe him. Before his own father, "I feel myself," he wrote, "like a timid boy, which to Boswell (comprehending all that my character does in my own imagination and in that of a wonderful number of mankind) is intolerable." How the old laird came to have such a son we may well wonder. The late Professor Chandler, of Oxford, a sound Johnsonian, as well befitting a



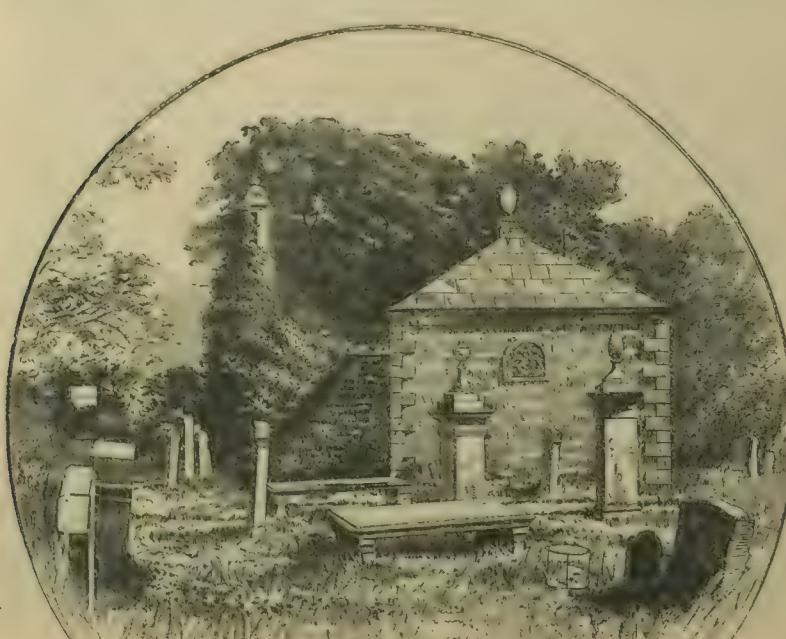
BORN 1740.

DIED MAY 19, 1795.

JAMES BOSWELL, OF AUCHINLECK.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Portrait.

oppressive art had not been invented. However, Boswell knew the exact limits of his literary powers. He found, he confesses, "a great difficulty in describing visible objects," and so he left them undescribed. Johnson pronounced his book "in a very high degree curious and delightful." It moved Gray strangely, though he uttered about it that ridiculous paradox which Macaulay, nearly seventy years later, worked up into a long and splendid passage of extravagance. "It proves," said the poet, "that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity." If Gray had lived out his full share of life, and had read the journal of "A Tour to the Hebrides" and the "Life of Johnson," he would, we may hope, have admitted that it was no chance that in three books produced such perfect success. He, at all events, who had had the courage to suppress more than one exquisite stanza in his Elegy, knew that the perfection of a work is attained scarcely less by what an author leaves out than by what he puts in. There are, perhaps, no books of the same length as Boswell's two journals and his "Life of Johnson" in which we wish for so few omissions. Great as was his vanity, he seldom let it mar his writings. When he displays it, and he displays it very often and very openly, he never wearies his reader. Almost always it is connected with the main thread of his narrative. It was with some reason that "in his moments of self-complacency" it seemed to him that his "Life



AUCHINLECK CHURCHYARD, WITH THE FAMILY VAULT OF LORD AUCHINLECK, IN WHICH JAMES BOSWELL WAS BURIED.

of London, "that heaven upon earth," for which he had "such a gust" as, in Johnson's long and wide experience, had never been felt by any other man, he sat up four nights in one week working at his journal. It was for no near blaze of triumph, for no "instant



THE BRIDGE, AUCHINLECK.

Dear Sir
When Mr. Johnson and I arrived at Inveraray after our expedition to the Hebrides, and there for the first time after many days renewed our enjoyment of the luxuries of civilized life, one of the most elegant that I could wish to find, was lying for me—a letter from Mr. Garrick

I hope Mr. Johnson has given you an interesting account of his northern tour. He is certainly to favour the world with some of his remarks.

Edinburgh
4 April 1774.

James Boswell

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM BOSWELL.

member of Johnson's own college, used to maintain that Boswell's strange genius came to him from his great-grandmother, a Dutch lady. If there is little Scottish in his character, still less is there anything Dutch. He was, in truth, as he liked to call himself, "a very universal man," "a citizen of the world." Nevertheless, so peculiarly English is his great work that it has never been translated into a single foreign language. This is due not to Boswell's but to Johnson's nature, "true-born Englishman" that he was.

Wherever Boswell went he rapidly made friends. He was a man of genius, but of that happy genius which is never oppressive. So many-sided was his nature that there were few men with whom he could not live on terms of intimacy. "I lived," he writes, "in habits of friendship with John Wilkes and Samuel Johnson. I could fully relish the excellence of each." Even in his raw student days Adam Smith discovered that he was "happily possessed of a facility of manners." Hume described him as "very good-humoured, very agreeable, and very mad." "Good-nature," said Burke, "was so natural to him that he had no merit in possessing it; a man might as well assume to himself merit in possessing an excellent constitution." Reynolds esteemed him so highly that he bequeathed to him £200, to be expended, if he thought proper, in the purchase of a picture at the sale of his paintings, to be kept for his sake." It was for him that Johnson invented the word *clubbable*. He once said to him: "Boswell, I think I am easier with you than with almost anybody." "Sir," he said to a friend, "if I were to lose Boswell it would be a limb amputated." "He was," he maintained, "the best travelling companion in the world." He promised "to celebrate his good-humour and perpetual cheerfulness," as shown in their tour to the Hebrides. In truth Boswell had that "most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety," which Johnson praises so highly in Falstaff.

Happy would it have been for him if his genius had been quickly recognised by the world in which he lived. In that case, satisfied by the fame which he had so fairly earned, he might have refrained from his degrading attempts to rival the Wedderburns and the Dundases by

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."
It is not generally known that Strauss's most popular waltz—namely, "The Lovely Blue Danube," proved little short of a fiasco at its first performance in Vienna twenty-



JAMES BOSWELL.
Sketched by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

eight years ago. True, it was sung with words wedded to it, by the *Männergesangsverein*—Anglicé, the Men's Choral Society—instead of being performed instrumentally as it is now, but I doubt whether that ought to have made the difference it did make to the judgment of the critics who voted it slow and heavy, and unworthy of the composer and his reputation.

I was thinking of this the whole of last week when I read the various accounts of the enthusiasm this same "Lovely Blue Danube" arouses every night at the Imperial Institute, and have been asking myself since about the value of the so-called critics' initial opinion with regard to any given work of art, literature, music, or the drama, not to mention important discoveries in science, mechanics, physics, and the rest. For, of course, I am not prepared to blame the public for the injury done to the author, composer, painter, or dramatist through such errors of judgment.

Instead of answering the question directly I will answer it indirectly. When the Viennese critics' opinion was reversed, a few months later, during the Paris Exhibition of 1867 by the Paris public, mainly through the instrumentality of Villemessant, the editor of *Le Figaro*, it was too late to repair the injury done to Johann Strauss by the quasi-competent musical judges of his native city. The injury, if reduced to mere £ s. d., amounted to something like £3000—i.e., the royalties of ten per cent. on the sales effected within six months of Villemessant's fiat, which royalties would, under ordinary circumstances, have accrued to Johann Strauss. But he had been discouraged by the initial verdict of the Viennese critics, and sold the waltz for 250 florins—£25 sterling. His publisher, it should be said, allowed him a small bonus after he, the publisher, had netted £20,000 by the transaction. And, be it remembered, that Villemessant, by his own confession, knew nothing of music.

Luckily for him, Johann Strauss was already at that time too famous to take his disappointment permanently to heart. Three and twenty years had gone by since he had



THE AVENUE, AUCHINLECK.

seeking the favour of those whom he called the great. It is melancholy to think that the man who wrote the best biography the world has ever seen day after day danced attendance on a Lord Lonsdale. "The chief glory of every people," says Johnson, "arises from its authors." Little of the glory that arises from the immortal "Life" is attributed to the man who wrote it. His great genius, for great it was, has always remained veiled in the cloud of vanities and weaknesses with which it was surrounded. He died just one hundred years ago, on May 19, 1795. No memorial of him exists beyond that imperishable one which he reared to himself. In Edinburgh, the town of his birth, Dundas has his lofty column, and a Duke of Buccleugh his costly statue. The modern Athens has not even marked by an inscription the court in which James Boswell lived. The day, perhaps, will come when his medallion shall be seen in Westminster Abbey, looking down on the graves of Johnson and Garrick, and close to the monument of Goldsmith—three men who live for us in his pages.

THE BRONTË MUSEUM.

There has just been opened in Haworth, Yorkshire, a museum of curiosities in connection with the Brontë family. The exhibition will, no doubt, lend an additional attraction to the famous village, which contains but too little that is reminiscent of that gifted circle. The church in which the Brontës worshipped has long since been destroyed, and the vicarage has been considerably altered. It is practically as well, therefore, that visitors—who may be assumed to be mainly Americans—should have some additional reward for so long a journey. The exhibition is to contain the original manuscripts of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley"; there are also numerous letters, several portraits and curios, and Charlotte Brontë's own copy of "Paradise Lost." Our Illustration of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, in which the treasures are gathered, is from a photograph by Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike.



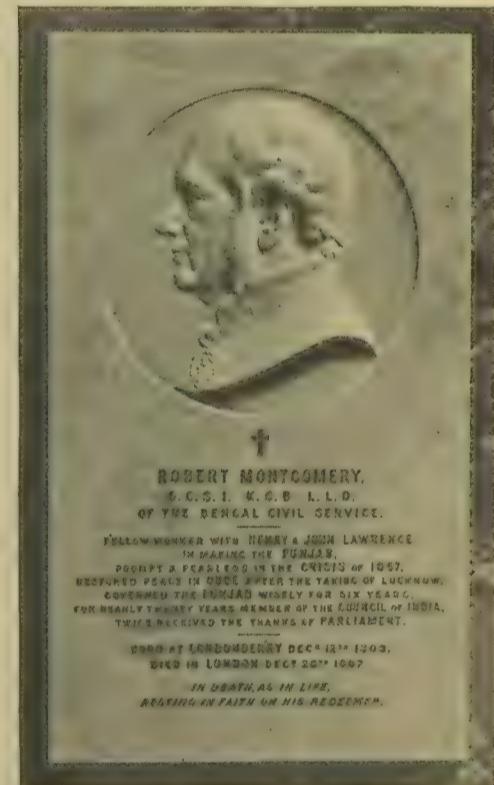
THE BRONTË MUSEUM, HAWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

first appeared in public, and a decade is generally sufficient for the man of genius or artist worthy of the name to estimate at their true value the utterances of the majority of his judges—for I am pleased to say that everywhere there are men who come to their difficult task provided with the necessary talents for discharging it, and, above all, with the honest determination not to be influenced by personal bias or private motives.

Nevertheless, not every man of genius, even if he has attained fame, is as strong-minded as Johann Strauss, who went on composing as if nothing had happened. I will give only one instance—but perhaps the most remarkable—of a man of genius having been browbeaten into silence by a comparative nobody invested with a little brief authority. I am referring to Rossini. He was barely thirty-seven when "Guillaume Tell" was produced for the first time. He lived for nearly forty years afterwards, but never wrote another opera.

Half an hour after the fall of the curtain on the first performance of "Guillaume Tell" (Aug. 3, 1829) Rossini, on entering the drawing-room of Jouy, the author of the libretto which was originally intended for Meyerbeer, qualified his opera as a "quasi-fiasco." The overture had been a tremendous success; several numbers of the first act had been vociferously applauded; the second had been a triumph from the beginning to the end; the third and fourth were received coolly; and a check like that was sufficient to dishearten the great composer for the moment.

For the moment only. There is no doubt that by judicious alterations or additions he would have made the whole perfect, but for the unwarrantable conduct of M. Lubert, the then Director of the Opéra, who sent for him the next morning. "Monsieur Rossini," he began, "how did you dare to write for the Grand Opéra in Paris such an insipid, such an incoherent work as 'Guillaume Tell'?" The work is so mediocre that there only remains one thing for you to do—namely, to annul the contract I have been senseless enough to make with you, and to



The memorial to Sir Robert Montgomery, which has recently been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, consists of a medallion portrait in Carrara marble, executed by Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, R.H.A. It is placed very near the monument of Sir Robert's old friend, Lord Napier of Magdala. Sir Henry Davies, a member of the committee, unveiled the memorial. Sir Henry Davies alluded in feeling terms to the heroic courage and great tranquillity of mind which always characterised the man whose memory those now assembled sought to honour.

abandon the idea of composing "Jeanne d'Arc" and "Mahomet."

"You need have no anxiety on that score," was Rossini's answer. "We'll annul the contract this very instant; and I moreover pledge myself never to write another opera, lest one of your successors should be wounded in his artistic sentiments." The worst of it was that Rossini kept his word, and that the world has gone short of three or four probable masterpieces through the impertinence of an individual whose name would be forgotten but for that one episode.

Rossini, though, could afford to rest on his laurels; he had done enough for his own fame. What about Georges Bizet, the composer of "Carmen," for whose death the Paris critics of 1875 are literally responsible; for in spite of everything that has been said to the contrary, it was the determined hostility shown to his great work that broke Bizet's heart? When the reversal of that hostile verdict came, it was too late to save him. The biographical dictionaries will tell one that Bizet died of a chill. It was of a chill, but not of the chill they mean.

I might go on quoting stories of the same kind. I refrain: first of all, for lack of space; secondly, because it requires a more powerful pen than mine to change the existing order of things. But a man cannot help his thoughts, and he is apt to put them in writing irrespective of results. There is one thing the public can do: they should refuse to accept the critic's opinion on any work as final unless they know his name. They will then be able to judge how far he is worthy of their confidence.



Guides advancing, taking every advantage of cover.

* Here Colonel Battye was killed, just after this Sketch was made.

Gordon Highlanders.

King's Own Borderers.

THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

SKETCH BY MR. A. D. GREENHILL GARDYNG.

The affair of April 13, on the Panjkora River, when Colonel Battye, of the Guides, and Captain Pebbles, of the Devons, were killed. The Guides had been sent across the river to guard the bridge, and the 2nd Brigade was to cross next morning, but unluckily the bridge broke and the Guides were isolated.

THE SALON, CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES, 1895.

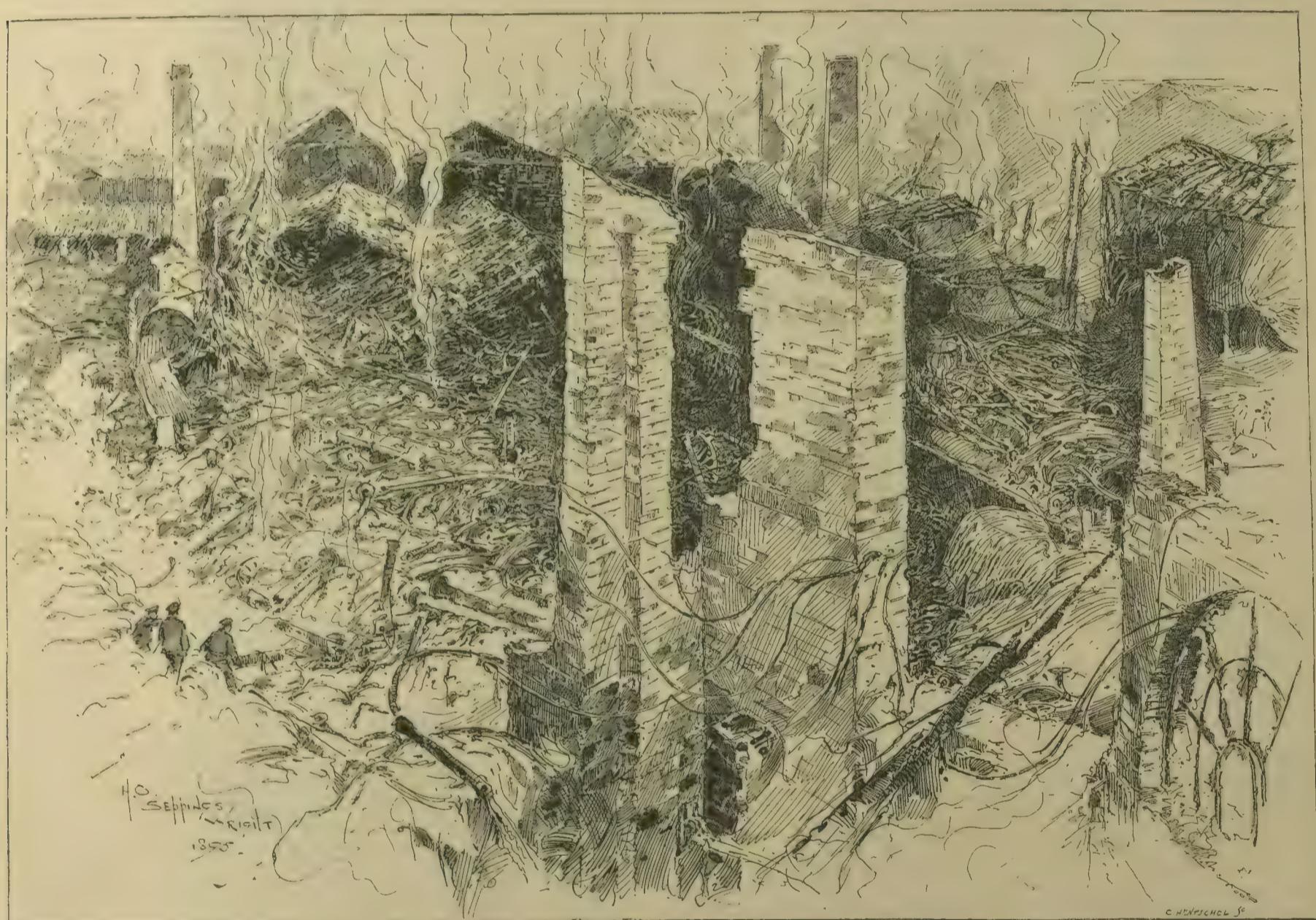
Sunshine and the spirit of spring in the air helped, no doubt, to draw an enormous crowd of well-dressed people to the old Salon, who filled not only its galleries and the great central area, but even the approaches, staircases, and balconies. Wiser, commercially at all events, than our English galleries, the Salon has no "private view," but issues tickets for its varnishing day, at ten francs each, and charges five francs for the first day itself. Naturally, owing to the presence of artists, despite the higher prices of the varnishing day it attracts the larger number. When, on Tuesday, April 30, looking down on the mass of people crowded between the shrubs and statuary of the vast arena, someone observed, "Will the white figures or the coloured live longer?"—as you gazed at the crowd and saw MM. Bouguereau, Alfred Stevens, Courtois, Amant-Jean, and many celebrities of all sorts, Miss Loie Fuller in a costume that was a fantasy in spring violets, Mdlle. Clara de Merode, the reigning beauty, in vernal greens, with a suggestion of daffodils in the yellow satin gleaming through the cut-out pattern of her cuirass—you felt the chances were in favour

last moment. Of course, even in these there is dexterity of a sort, celerity, and trained insight, but little experiment and still less personal observation apparent. Nor is the ideal ruling here in itself alluring. The pictures as a mass looked more old-fashioned than the living models in front of them, which vied in attracting the critics' attention. But, while fashion has gone to 1830 and earlier, the painter is yet only on his way back to Ingres.

The popular masters, old and new, each working in his accepted manner, escaped for the most part the prevailing dullness. Henner, Fantin-Lacour, Benjamin Constant, Harpignies, Lefèvre, Jules Breton, Detaille, and the rest, if they showed little advance, at least were interesting. The portraits here and there were distinctly good. To find the best-known names offering the chief artistic attraction is singularly unlike the rule at Burlington House, where, excepting a few of the Academicians and Associates, the pictures of the year come, as a rule, from outsiders. In the Salon England was not very largely represented. Mr. Orchardson had "Sir James Thornton" and the "Salon of Madame Récamier"; Mr. Brangwyn, with two pictures;

and Messrs. W. E. Lockhart, F. H. Newbery, W. H. Titeomb, J. R. Reid, and W. Reynolds-Stephens almost exhaust the list of British names at all familiar in our own exhibitions.

Among the sensational *tableaux* of 1895 are Maignan's "Absinthe," a melodramatic conception of a floating spirit clasping her hands over the eyes of a young author just risen from his writing-table, on which stands an untouched glass of liquid the colour of cats' eyes. Of course, for pictorial effect, the full glass is more impressive, but it disturbs the moral; in fact, with wings and a sad smile in place of green gauze and a grin, the picture might be renamed "His Guardian Angel." J. P. Laurens' great painting does not represent the Tower of Babel, as careless bystanders averred, but "An Episode of the Siege of Toulouse, 1218": it shows a scaffolding crowded with active figures; above, in the sky in a sort of cartouche at the right-hand corner, are various heavenly visitants. It is an accomplished decoration, but nothing more. "L'Eternel Crucifié," by L. A. Truchet, is another avowedly sensational composition: on the walls of an unfinished church at Montmartre hangs a huge luminous translucent crucifix,



THE GREAT FIRE IN BERMONDSEY.

Last on the night of May 16, a fire broke out in Tyer's Gateway, Bermondsey Street, which ultimately destroyed the buildings occupied by Messrs. Saling, Messrs. Cheverton, Messrs. Dixon, Sons, and Taylor, and Messrs. Margetson. Other premises were injured, and the total damage caused by the fire is estimated to be £200,000.

of the notoriety of the moment. For, notwithstanding that Paris is the most fickle of worshippers, and changes its heroes weekly, it has too keen a sense of the abiding value of great art to wish to immortalise the largest part of this year's exhibits. Facts for such a depreciatory summing-up at the start can hardly be marshalled here: to criticise four pictures together in a single word would overfill the space; while, unless such a word were as all-embracing as the schoolboy's favourite criticism "rot," it could hardly convey four verdicts at once. Yet it is unpleasant but true that one is forced to admit that at least three thousand of the five thousand objects (or thereabouts) displayed might be summarily dismissed with a not more dignified epithet without any gross injustice.

For this year's Salon is the triumph of conventional convention. Accomplished, orthodox, and sincere in a way, no doubt, when at first it grew from experiment to precedent, the grand manner in favour here is as little convincing as the formal mechanism of pose and voice of the Comédie Française itself. Compositions of vast size, the subjects exactly treated, blamelessly disposed on the canvas, the paint applied with the conscientious detail of one who understudies a great rôle, give results which (like the performance of such a substitute) fail to convince you. Others, and a very large number, are studies pure and simple, or not quite either, but still unabashed studies, with a title chosen more or less happily at the

Mr. Alfred East, also with a couple; Mr. A. D. McCormick; Professor Herkomer, with his last year's Academy picture; Mr. G. W. Joy, with his "Gordon at Khartoum";

the figure facing Paris, which stretches away below, with the Eiffel Tower plainly visible. If England is accused of painting the anecdote it escapes as a rule the police reports; but in the Salon, as usual, hideous scenes of physical torture abound—here a nude female tortured to death, a martyr to fanaticism; there a great crowd of women throwing water on wretched girls, nude, in the snow, being frozen to death of set purpose to delight a virago, who does not appear to feel the extreme inclemency of the weather. Of other subject-pictures, "Velasquez Painting in a Forge," by A. C. Vazquez, and "Vaccination for Croup," by A. Brouillet, are typical. In mural decoration, besides the Laurens, there are some clever paintings by H. Martin for the Hôtel de Ville, and a really wonderfully powerful series in spandrels, by H. Bonis, "Les Exercices Physiques," which is nearly the best thing in the Salon.

Of Falguière's charming bust, Frémiet's "Gorillas Strangling a Savage," Jean Hugue's "Potter," and Charron's "Confidence"—more than an echo of Gérôme's superb "Tanagra"—space forbids more notice. A bronze statuette, "Taormina," by Sortini, a very clever Neapolitan, deserves warm praise. The etchings, lithographs, enamels, miniatures, and *objets d'art* of all sorts amuse and occasionally enchant; but still, on the whole, it is not a great nor a peculiarly attractive Salon.

G. W.



The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has just presented a magnificent cup to the Ward Union Hunt Races, to supply the place of the Spencer Cup, won for the third time by Mr. H. M. Cairns. The new challenge cup is an exact copy of Lord Houghton's celebrated Queen Anne vase, of exquisite design, made in the first year of that Queen's reign. It was his Excellency's wish that the reproduction should be bona fide manufactured in Ireland. The work was entrusted to, and satisfactorily carried out by Mr. Edmund Johnson, and is said to be the largest and heaviest piece of plate manufactured in Ireland for the last fifty years.

CHANGELINGS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The late melancholy events in a peasant family of Tipperary have not only pained and grieved all readers, but have astonished the student of popular beliefs. Not many years ago an unhappy infant was savagely ill-treated by his parents, who had no idea that they were harming their own child, but supposed that they were merely exorcising a substituted fairy brat, a "changeling." In the recent case the actors appear to have been blinded by the same illusions, only in this affair a changeling was thought to have been left in the room of a grown-up woman.

This is a singular and, perhaps, unprecedented instance of the fairy belief producing deplorable results in modern practice. It may be worth while to look more closely into an old popular creed, which astonishes us by its persistence. That there exists a subterranean and usually invisible race, akin to our own, which sometimes carries off human prisoners for ever, or till their release, is a most ancient opinion. Probably the Rape of Proserpine is our earliest classical instance, and it has a close analogy in the North American myth of Chibabos, carried off, like Proserpine, by the subterranean folk, and, like her, partially restored: after which, as at Eleusis, the Mysteries were founded. On the face of it, both fables seem intended to describe the death of vegetation, and its revival in spring. No doubt it may be argued that the belief had no other foundation, and only later was applied to the fairy captures of men, women, and children. But in the origin of these tales there must be a more human element. The fairies, who in one form or another people the traditions of almost all known races, are in one respect only ancestral ghosts, living in a Hades which is neither heaven, hell, nor purgatory. Among Christian peoples, apparently, the old heathen belief in these shades existed, and, indeed, still exists, behind or beneath the Church's creed as to the condition of the baptised dead. A dead man or woman or child usually goes to his own Christian place, but occasionally, even in lifetime, is carried off by the fairies—that is, practically, by the ancestors. But this mortuary character of the fairies is much obscured for us by the confusion of the shades with sportive pixies and "little folk"—spirits unattached, who never were souls of mortals. The fairies of our fairy tales, again, who are generally rather moral and benevolent creatures, may be little older than the end of the seventeenth century, when they received their characteristics from the fancy of Perrault and Madame d'Aulnoy. A godmother of the Maid of Orleans had seen *Fées* beneath the *Beau Mai*, the old oak-tree of Domremy. But of fairy godmothers like Cinderella's the children of Domremy probably never heard. However, into our conceptions of fairies all these and other different classes of fanciful beings are now combined, and that is why we feel it is difficult to understand the most cruel and mournful Irish tragedy.

The unhappy peasants believed that the real woman was under fairy dominion, in fairy realms forlorn, that she would ride a grey horse in the fairy cavalcade, and might be rescued by friends wearing black-hilted knives. In exactly the same way, according to the legend of Aberfoyle, the minister, Mr. Kirk, might have been released had anyone thrown a dirk over his head when he once appeared at a christening party, after his capture by the People of Peace, two hundred years ago. In the old ballad, too, the captive Tamlane may be delivered by anyone who will tear him off the white horse which he rides among the elves. Mr. Kirk himself, in a manuscript diary, admits that he is aware of methods by which a prisoner of the fays may be released, but

he regards them as "superstitions." He also, in the same manuscript, speaks of a woman who, after two years' residence in fairyland, was restored to her husband, Gervase of Tilbury long before had recorded similar facts in his "Otia Imperialia." But while in the case of infants the fairies used to leave a changeling brat behind, they did not do so when they stole grown-up people, or at least we do not hear of this belief in Scotland. Unluckily, as events prove, the opposite belief does exist in Tipperary, and we know too well what came of it. The natural origin

of a faith so monstrous is probably not very far to seek. We often talk of this or that person as "a changed man." The primitive explanation of a sudden revolution in character and habits—caused perhaps by disease, by a sun-stroke, or other accidents—would be that the man really had been changed, that somebody else had been substituted for him. Thus we have the familiar Chinese tale of the stupid idle lad who suddenly became studious and got

man of about three distinct personalities, is familiar to students of morbid psychology. In each of his states he only remembers the prior events of the analogous condition: in one frame he is an atheistic Radical, in another a pious Tory, and he has certainly wandered a good deal in all senses. "If his *bona fides* are admitted" (to quote an author of scanty classical education), such a patient as "Louis V." is probably the kind of person who gave rise to the belief in fairy captures of adults. He went off, was lost, was somebody else for a while, and then he came back in his own familiar personality. Where had he been? He did not know—nobody knew; and the Good People were made responsible for that and doubtless for premeditated and conscious disappearances. The Highlander in Mr. Kirk's manuscript, who took back a wife "after two years in Fairyland" was easily satisfied by her explanation of her absence. We can say no more. In the recent Irish tragedy it is not unlikely that the unfortunate woman really had developed some hysterical change in character. But she did not wholly disappear into fairyland, therefore what was left in her place was a changeling. Catholics ought to have called in the aid of a clerical exorcist, when all would have been well. But "the priest is often the last to hear of these things," and recourse was had to the prescriptions of ancient folklore. Peasants are not alone here. As I write comes in the advertisement of a book, "Demon Possession and Allied Themes," by Dr. Nevius, "for forty years a missionary to the Chinese." "This book is based . . . upon a large collection of thoroughly sifted and authenticated facts, showing that demon possession is a common experience of our own day." I cannot criticise a work which I have not read, but I wish that a form of Dr. Nevius's theory had not prevailed in Tipperary.



THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION: SWAT CHIEF WHO SURRENDERED AFTER THE MALAKAND FIGHT.

Sketch by Lieutenant Elger, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment.

a high degree. Of course a friendly ghost had taken his place, say the Chinese, and the fairies who make captures in Ireland or Scotland are, at bottom, only ancestral ghosts. When a healthy good-tempered child became peevish, insatiable, a bag of skin and bones, clearly he was not the actual child in a decline, but a substituted fairy brat, who had better be roasted on a shovel.

This is intelligible enough, but in most countries men and women, when stolen by fairies, are not replaced by changelings. One may venture a guess as to what had really occurred in their case. Physicians, I believe, are not unacquainted with rare instances in which a secondary personality—hysterical, epileptic, or what not—is developed by adults. The patient, forgetting who he is and assuming

THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

Interesting sketches have been received from three gentlemen who have had exceptional opportunities of appreciating the difficulties and dangers surmounted by the force which eventually succeeded in relieving

Chitral. The Swat River, the fording of which is illustrated, has five branches at the particular point which is sketched, and this is the worst part of it. The portraits of the Swat chief and other prisoners taken at the storming of the Malakand Pass give only a slight idea of the stalwart natives of this district. Concerning the incident of the bridge over the river Panjkora, a correspondent writes as follows: The river was found to be practically unfordable for troops, though a few of the squadron of Guides' cavalry attached to the 2nd Brigade managed to get across. The sappers and miners at once set about building a bridge, which on April 12 was finished, and the Guides' infantry crossed the river; but hardly had they all reached the other side when the bridge was smashed up and carried away by several large logs.

The Guides' infantry proceeded up the valley, burning the villages all along. On the morning of April 13 all became bustle in the camp. The sound of shots, and puffs of smoke seen up the valley announced the fact that the enemy had at last been found, and presently bugles were sounding the "fall in" all over the camp, and the troops began to move in the direction of the river. The Guides had bivouacked about twelve miles from the ferry. On the morning of April 13 they saw bodies of the enemy advancing down the hills on the western side of the valley, and knowing that they were unsupported owing to the accident to the bridge, they commenced to fall back along the bank of the Ushri River. Shortly after a large number of the enemy were seen to be advancing along the hills on the eastern side of the valley, so that the Guides were exposed to the fire of both parties. About three p.m. the Guides reached the far bank of the river; at the



THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION: SWAT PRISONERS TAKEN AT THE MALAKAND FIGHT.

Sketch by Lieutenant Elger, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment.

his new personality, is apt to wander away, and perhaps behaves sanely enough at a distance under a changed name and in a fresh occupation. One American case, of a minister (I think) who disappeared and became a tradesman in a remote place, has been published. But an acute American physician has observed that, on the day of his disappearance, this patient had a considerable sum of ready money in his possession! This assuredly does throw a grave doubt on the theory of unconscious and unpremeditated action on his part. The case of "Louis V.," a

ferry the mountain battery and troops on the Sado side at the same time opened fire on the enemy on the opposite hills. Small parties of men were sent over the ferry on rafts, but as only six men could get over at a time, and the double passage took twenty minutes, the process was too slow to be of much use. The road opposite the ferry now became much exposed to fire, and several casualties occurred. The Guides sent their wounded and dead over the river, and first came the body of Colonel Battye, who had been shot just when the Guides reached the bank.

Fort burnt by Umra Khan.



King's Own Borderers, on the
Sado side of River.

Bridge washed away after the Guides
crossed; above is Sling and Cradle.

Beach occupied by Guides, who
burned the Villages.

ENTRANCE INTO BAJAUR, VALLEY OF PANJORA RIVER, CONTESTED BY UMRA KHAN'S MEN ON APRIL 13.

Sketch by an Officer with the Force.



THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION: FORDING THE SWAT RIVER, LOOKING NORTH; VILLAGE OF CHATEDARRA IN THE BACKGROUND.

Sketch by Mr. A. D. Greenhill Gardyne.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among the curiosities of this mortal life of ours I should say the stories of the buried fakirs of India rank in the first class. We remember as schoolboys the accounts given of these men in our reading-books, and the experience of later life does not, apparently, dispel the glamour which surrounds the case of the buried devotees. The common story which was told of the fakirs included the recital of a grave being specially prepared, and of the entombment therein of the fakir, in the presence of several English officers. Certain rites or incantations were performed prior to the burial, and when the fakir passed into his tomb, a watch was duly set upon the grave. After six weeks had elapsed the tomb was opened, and its tenant removed, his gradual restoration to active life being a matter of course. These are the outlines of the old story, which has always had its doubters and its sceptics, just as it has always commanded those who, in support of the narrative, have alleged that they have witnessed such entombments, and who hold, moreover, that the circumstances of the case do not really lie outside the explanations which physiology and medicine together may be prepared to afford.

The case of the buried fakirs has been recalled to mind by the publication of the views and opinions of Herr Kuhn, who has made a communication to the Anthropological Society of Munich on the Indian mystery. We have the advantage of finding in Herr Kuhn an eye-witness of the entombment process. Two cases were investigated by him: in one the man had been buried for six weeks, and in the other for ten days. Threshed out in its essential details, it appears that there are two elements or conditions represented in the fakir's feat. Of these one is a mental and the other a physical or medical phase. Herr Kuhn lays stress on the fact that the fakir's condition is that of induced hypnosis or actual trance. He remarks on the neurotic and hysterical type of constitution presented by these men. They resemble in this respect the subjects of the common mesmeric "entertainments" of the halls, who for the most part (and when they are not actual frauds) are of hysterical and of easily impressed mental constitution. There are days of preparation, we are told, in the case of the fakir. He enters, mentally, into a kind of retreat, as it were; lowers his vitality by very spare diet; sits motionless, to induce the hypnotic condition; and aids the state of trance, as I have indicated, by certain medicines or drugs.

Among these drugs it is stated that haschisch, or Indian hemp, is said to figure prominently. It induces a lowering of the breathing powers and vitality at large, and assists in the slowing-down process, which is really the essence of the whole procedure. Thus, on the mental side we have hypnotism exerting its sway, and on the physical side we have the action of narcotics. Between the two, the fakir is plunged into a state of coma, whereof the essential feature is the general subsidence of life's powers and functions into a dormant state. The body is like an engine which is working at low pressure with its fires banked up—pressure so low that it just keeps moving and no more. We can understand how a body in this state, brought to the lowest verge of vitality, may be buried for a certain period and yet survive. I confess even this idea seems at variance with our experience of what we require in the way of ordinary respiration to sustain life; but breathing and the heart's action I presume may be slowed down to a point to which our common notions of the conditions of vitality do not apply. Be this as it may, the facts (which I assume are not in dispute) are before us. Between his mind and his drugs, the fakir induces his cataleptic state and manages to survive the rigorous enough conditions of his entombment. The story of our schooldays is thus rendered probable by the aid of scientific considerations which, in a certain sense at least, do not detract from the interest of the subject. Some of my readers versed in Indian lore and customs may, perhaps, kindly supplement, or criticise from actual observation, the views of Herr Kuhn. I shall be indebted for any communications on this subject with which my readers may favour me.

The influx of summer weather which we are experiencing as I write suggests thoughts—and not necessarily morbid ones—of the intimate connection which exists between the seasons and the ailments which afflict us. The seasonal relations of disease form a topic which was long ago investigated by Sir Arthur Mitchell, M.D., and Dr. Alexander Buchan, of meteorological fame. The curves of different diseases, graphically rendered, show in the most convincing fashion that certain ailments are most intimately associated with certain seasons, and that the relationship between the weather and disease is of a very direct kind. Dr. Priestley, Medical Officer of Health of Leicester, in his recent report has further emphasised this fact in a very interesting manner, with reference to the conditions which induce that common summer ailment, diarrhoea. The cholera season, which, happily, in this country has no significance for us, so well protected are we against attack from the outside, may also be regarded as related in a similar manner to summer heat. When the temperature rises, as Dr. Priestley has shown in the case of the four-foot thermometer registering fifty-six deg. Fahr. and above, the deaths from diarrhoea begin to increase in numbers. When the temperature falls, so also does this particular death-rate. The relation between a high ground-heat and this ailment seems, therefore, to be something more than a sanitary idea. Possibly the germ or microbe, on the presence of which the ailment depends, may acquire a new vitality with the heat-increase, and thus become diffused abroad to infect milk and other articles of food.

I have been requested to announce that the Edinburgh Summer Meeting for teachers and students will begin on Aug. 5 and conclude on Aug. 31. The courses of instruction include biology, chemistry, psychology, social science, history, geography, geology, and other branches of culture. Professor Geddes and Mr. Thomson will be assisted by Mr. Lloyd Morgan, M. Elisée Riches, Professor Haddon, and others. Full details may be had from Dr. R. Stephens, University Hall, Edinburgh.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C W (of Sunbury).—Thanks for problem, which is very acceptable.

J T ANDREWS (Eydon).—We are much obliged for your postcard, which fortunately arrived in the nick of time. We trust to have an amended position at an early date.

A B (Jersey).—The problems have reached us, and shall be duly considered.

MARTIN E.—Please look again. It is not often so skilful a solver falls into so palpable a mistake. We are, however, pleased to hear from you again.

W E THOMPSON.—The diagram of your faulty problem was destroyed. Please send another.

W PERCY HIND.—1. Q to Q 6th, K to B 5th; 2. Q to K Kt 6th, etc., is another solution of your three-mover.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—If Black play 1. K to K 6th: 2. Q to Q 3rd (ch), etc. Again, if 1. K to B 6th; 2. Q to Q 3rd or Q to B 4th (ch); and 3. R to Kt mates.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2662 received from A. A. Bowden (California), Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore), and Trimikab Ganesh Purker (Jhansi); of No. 2663 from M. A. Byre (Folkestone), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Emile Frau (Lyons); and No. 2664 from A. P. (St. John, N.B.), Emile Frau, and C. Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2665 from E. G. Boys; of No. 2666 from Rev. Francis W. Jackson, Emile Frau (Lyons), E. G. Boys, J. Bailey (Newark), Boynt Melyn, J. A. R., J. F. Moon, Albert Wolff, W. Lillie (Marple), Castle Lee, II H (Peterborough), Dr. Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), Frank Kent (Mastfield), W. Adams (Hawkhurst), Albert C. F. Morgan, and W. E. Thompson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2667 received from J. F. Moon, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. T. Pierce, Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), E. Loudon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Martin F., C. B. Perugini, W. P. Hind, W. E. S. Debenham, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), J. S. Wesley (Exeter), F. Waller (Luton), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. W. Alexander (Surbiton), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), R. H. Brooks, Dawn, R. Worts (Canterbury), T. G. (Ware), Alpha. W. Wright, Shadforth, J. D. Moorman (Manchester), W. R. Raillem, Sorrento, F. S. Smith, T. Roberts, and J. Hilliard.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2660.—By A. C. CHALLENGER.

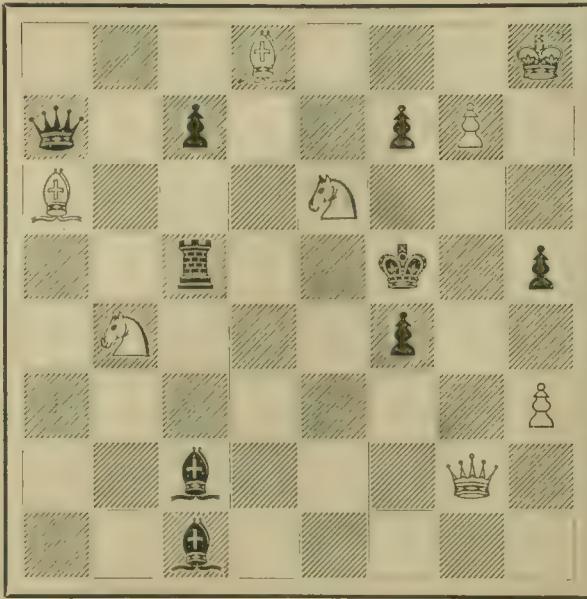
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 7th	K takes R
2. K to B 4th	K moves
3. Q mates	

If Black play 1. P to B 5th, 2. Q to K B 6th; if 1. K to B 3rd, 2. R to K 6th (ch); and if 1. K to Kt 3rd, then 2. K to B 4th, and 3. Mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 2669.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LANCASHIRE.

Game played between Messrs. W. PALMER and A. DOD.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. D.) WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. D.)

1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. K takes Kt	K takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	15. P takes Q	Q to Kt 5th
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	16. P takes P	B to B 3rd
4. B takes P		17. B takes B	P takes B

The early surrender of this Pawn is a feature of all such games.

4. K to Q 5th (ch)		18. P to Q 5th	R to Kt 5th sq
5. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th	19. R to K Kt sq	P takes P
6. P to Q 4th		20. P takes K	Q to Kt 6th (ch)

Attention may be directed to a superior move at this point—namely, Kt to Q B 3rd. It is doubtful, in fact, how far P to Q 4th is a good move.		21. K to K 2nd	Kt takes P
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6. B to Kt 2nd	K to B sq	22. Q takes Kt	K R to K Sq (ch)
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. K to B sq	Q R to Q Sq
8. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 4th	24. Q to Kt 3rd	R to Q 6th
9. Kt to Kt 5th	K to Q sq	25. Q to B 7th (ch)	R to K 2nd
10. P to B 3rd		26. B takes P (ch)	Q takes B

The necessity of supporting the advanced Q P illustrates the weakness referred to above of P to Q 4th. Moreover, White's Kt has no square except R 3rd for retreat.		27. Q to B 5th	B to R 5th
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10. K to Kt 3rd

11. Q to Kt 3rd

12. P to K 4th

13. K to B 2nd

14. Kt takes B P

A very pretty idea, which, being so excellent, makes one regret its non-success.

The correct continuation. White now loses, play as he will, but there are still many interesting points in the game.

It is doubtful, in fact, how far P to Q 4th is a good move.

6. B to Kt 2nd

7. Kt to Q B 3rd

8. Kt to B 3rd

9. Kt to Kt 5th

10. P to B 3rd

11. K to B 2nd

12. Kt to K 2nd

13. Castles (K R)

A gain of important time. Black has now a fine open game, and the opposing forces but little option save retreat.

14. K to R sq

15. Q to Kt sq

16. B takes P (ch)

17. B to K sq

18. R to B 3rd

19. K to K 4th

20. R to B 4th

21. Q to Kt 5th

22. R to B 5th

23. Kt to K 4th

24. Q to R 5th

25. Q takes Q

26. B takes R

27. B to Kt 3rd

28. B to Kt 4th

29. R to K 7th

30. B to R 2nd

31. R to Kt 5th

32. R to Kt 6th

33. R to Kt 7th

34. R to Kt 8th

35. R to Kt 9th

36. R to Kt 10th

37. R to Kt 11th

38. R to Kt 12th

39. R to Kt 13th

40. R to Kt 14th

41. R to Kt 15th

42. R to Kt 16th

43. R to Kt 17th

44. R to Kt 18th

45. R to Kt 19th

46. R to Kt 20th

47. R to Kt 21st

48. R to Kt 22nd

49. R to Kt 23rd

50. R to Kt 24th

51. R to Kt 25th

52. R to Kt 26th

53. R to Kt 27th

54. R to Kt 28th

55. R to Kt 29th

56. R to Kt 30th

57. R to Kt 31st

58. R to Kt 32nd

59. R to Kt 33rd

60. R to Kt 34th

61. R to Kt 35th

62. R to Kt 36th

63. R to Kt 37th

64. R to Kt 38th

65. R to Kt 39th

66. R to Kt 40th

67. R to Kt 41st

68. R to Kt 42nd

69. R to Kt 43rd

70. R to Kt 44th

71. R to Kt 45th

72. R to Kt 46th

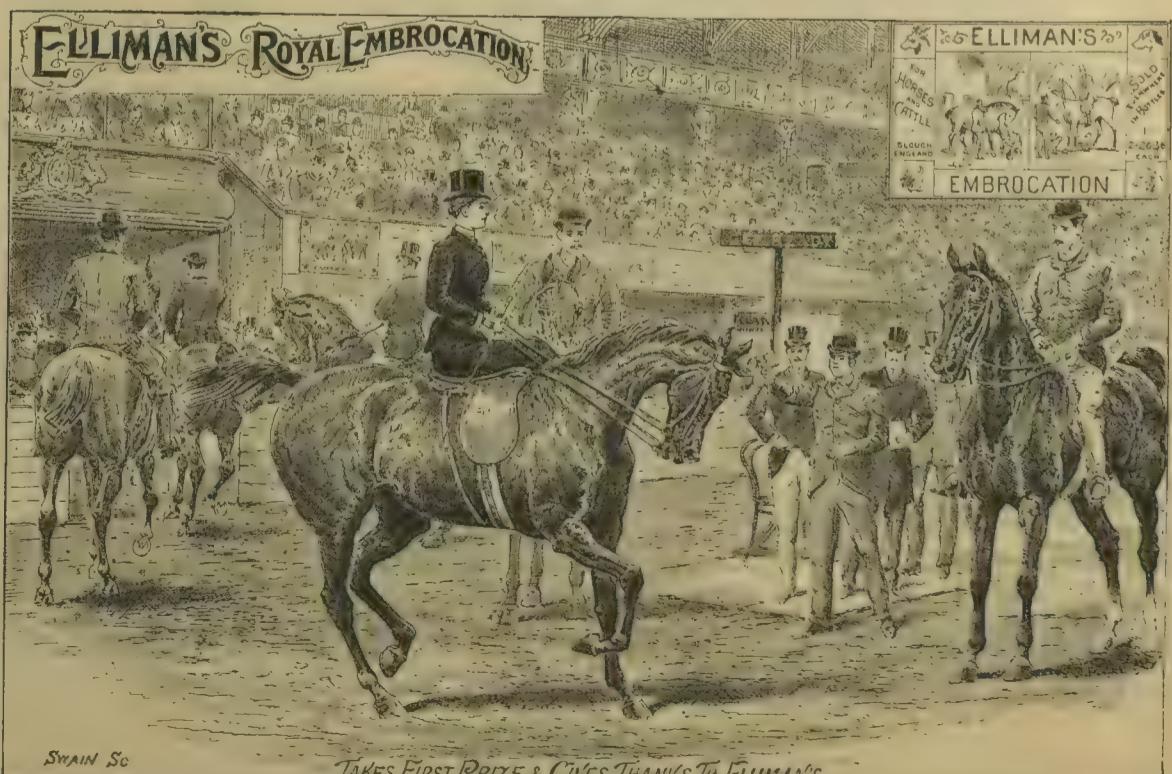
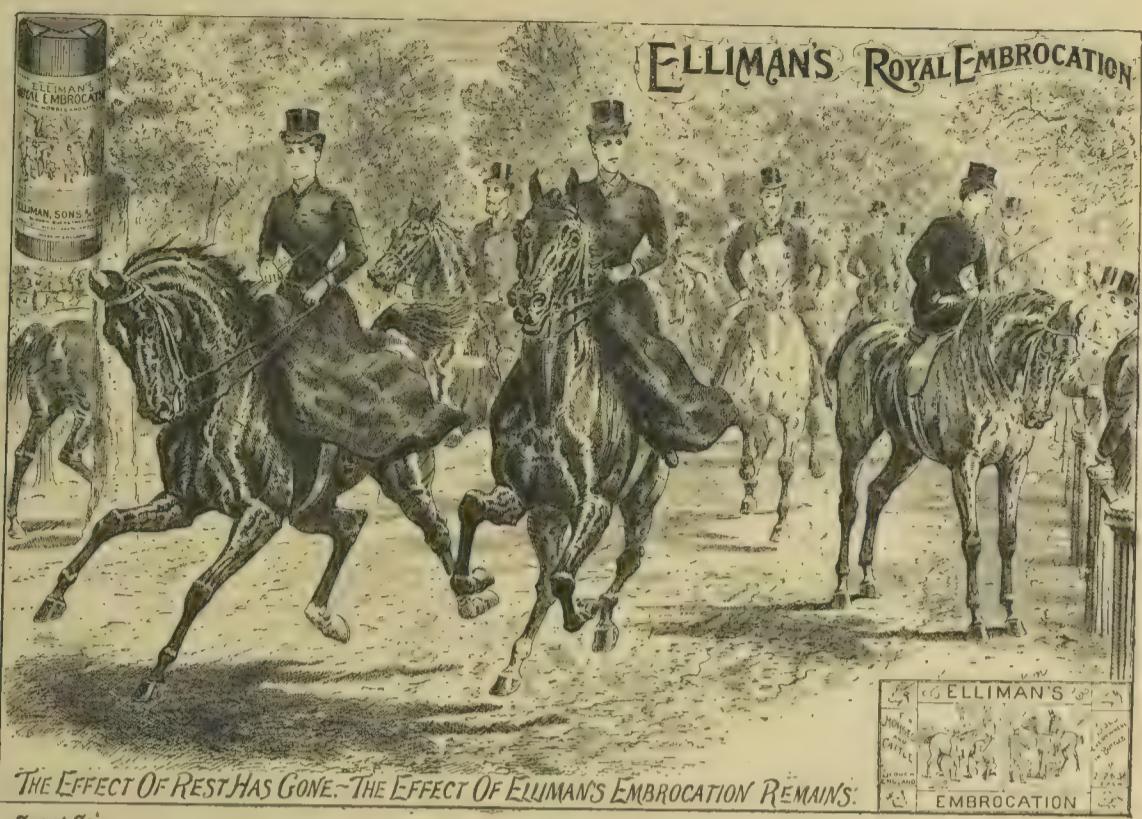
73. R to Kt 47th

74. R to Kt 48th

75. R to Kt 49th

76. R to Kt 50th

77. R to Kt 51st



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate of the will (dated June 6, 1887), with four codicils (dated Dec. 19, 1889; Nov. 6, 1891; and May 18 and July 26, 1894), of Mr. Joseph Gubbins, J.P., of Kilfrush, Knocklong, Limerick, who died on Feb. 20 on board his yacht *Ludge Maisry*, on a voyage to Algiers, granted at Dublin to Francis Joseph Beresford Gubbins and Frederic William Beresford Gubbins, the sons, and William Milward Jones, J.P., the executors, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £182,594. The testator provides an annuity of £1500 for his wife, Mrs. Francis Thomasina Gubbins; and bequeaths £500 to his executor, Mr. Jones. As to his real estate he settles three ninths each upon his sons Francis Joseph and Frederic William; and one ninth each upon his sons Marcus Stamer, Lucius Burston, and Quintus Evelyn. The residue of his personal estate is to be divided between his five sons in the same proportion as his real estate.

The will (dated Aug. 29, 1892), with two codicils (dated Feb. 8 and June 1, 1894), of Mr. Henry Whiting, of 174, Lavender Hill, Wandsworth, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on May 11 by Henry Paul Whiting and Matthew Noel Whiting, the sons, and William Stewart Foster, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £143,059. The testator gives certain plate to his son Henry Paul; such two of his horses as he may select to his brother Noel; all his household furniture and effects and £200 to his wife, Mrs. Juliette Antoinette Whiting; his residence to his wife during widowhood, and in the event of her electing not to reside there, £200 per annum in lieu thereof during the same period; £2000 per annum to his wife during widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again £300 per annum; and he confirms the settlements made on his daughter. Subject to these dispositions, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his two sons Henry Paul and Matthew Noel equally.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1879), with two codicils (dated Oct. 25, 1887, and Sept. 8, 1891), of Mr. James Kingsford, formerly of 23, Essex Street, Strand, and late of Sydenham Hill, Kent, who died on March 23, was proved on May 8 by James Henry Kingsford and Frank Kingsford, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £50,700. The testator bequeaths £2400 to his son James Henry, and £20,000 to be divided between his sons James Henry and Frank, and his daughters, Edith and Mary Jeken. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said four children and to his son Robert Kennett; but the share of the latter is not to be less than £10,000, and is to be held upon trust for him.

The will (dated May 11, 1887), with two codicils (dated May 4 and Dec. 12, 1894), of Dame Amelia Erle, widow of the Right Hon. Sir William Erle, formerly Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, of Bramshott Grange, Liphook, Hants, who died on March 17, was proved on May 9 by Edward William Hansell and Reginald Goddard Hansell, the nephews, the executors, the

value of the personal estate amounting to £50,011. The testatrix bequeaths the furniture and household effects, set out in an inventory attached to the will, to her late husband's nephew, Twynihoe William Erle, if he shall be owner of Bramshott Grange at the time of her death; £4500 to her niece, Mary Beatrice Graham; £4000 to her nephew, Edward William Hansell; £2500 to her nephew Arthur David Hansell; and considerable legacies to other nephews and nieces and to sisters. There are also some bequests to servants and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephews and niece, Edward William Hansell, Mary Beatrice Graham, Reginald Goddard Hansell, and Arthur David Hansell, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1886), with a codicil (dated Jan. 8, 1890), of the Rev. Edmund Venables, precentor and canon residentiary of the cathedral church of Lincoln, who died on March 3, was proved at the Lincoln District Registry on April 17 by Edmund Ernest Venables, the son, and Walter Turner Toynbee, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,787. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture and effects and £200 to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Mary Venables (since deceased); £1000 and his shares in the London Stock Exchange to his son, Edmond Ernest; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1893) of Mr. George Paddock, D.L., J.P., of Ynyshir, Glandovey, Cardiganshire, who died on April 16, was proved on May 14 by Mrs. Annie Paddock, the widow, and George Frank Paddock and Albert Edward Paddock, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £25,329. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture and effects, horses, carriages, hay, and cattle, and £200 to his wife; his residence, Ynyshir, to his wife during widowhood, but if she should elect not to reside there, £150 per annum; £1000 per annum to his wife during widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again, £200 per annum; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret; £9000, upon trust, for his three grandchildren, George Leslie, William Albert, and Florence, the children of his late son William; £2000 each to his said grandchildren; £9500, upon trust, for his son Albert Edward; and other legacies. Hartwell Hall, Barlaston, Staffordshire, to his son George Frank during the life of his wife, and on her death he settles the same and certain farms and lands upon him. The freehold property at Longton, Staffordshire, he bought of the Duke of Sutherland he settles on his son Albert Edward. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third each to his sons George Frank and Albert Edward, and one third to his said three grandchildren.

The will of Sir Joseph Needham, Chief Justice of Vancouver, 1865-70, and of Trinidad, 1870-85, of The Ferns, Weybridge, Surrey, who died on March 23, was proved on May 14 by Dame Jane Needham, the widow, and Mrs. Genevieve Mary Roxby, the daughter, the

executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,809.

The will of Lord Walter Charles Montagu-Douglas-Scott, of Boughton House, Kettering, Notts, who died on March 3, was proved on May 14 by Francis Walter Montagu-Douglas-Scott and Charles Henry Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,090.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. George Edmund Wicksted, J.P., of Betley Hall, near Crewe, Staffordshire, who died on Feb. 27 at 10, Dover Street, intestate, were granted on April 20 to Mrs. Margaret Mary Teresa Wicksted, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9135.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Sir William Edmund Pole, Bart., of Shute, Devon, who died on March 21 intestate, a widower, were granted on May 8 to Sir Edmund Reginald Talbot De la Pole, the son and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8604.

The will of Colonel Richard Harbord, J.P., formerly 7th Royal Fusiliers, of 14, Beaufort East, Bath, who died on Nov. 9, was proved at the Bristol District Registry on April 23 by the Rev. Canon Richard Charles Mordaunt Harbord, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7103.

The will of Sir John Maclean, Kt., F.S.A., formerly Deputy Auditor of the Ordnance Department of the War Office, of Glasbury House, Richmond Hill, Clifton, who died on March 5, was proved on April 22 at the Bristol District Registry by Dame Mary Maclean, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4420.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Major Cooke, senior magistrate at the Marylebone Police-Court, of 123, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on April 27, were proved on May 14 by John Temple Ashwell Cooke, William Russell Cooke, and Henry Paget Cooke, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3022.

WHITSUN TIDE HOLIDAYS: BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
The availability of the special cheap week-end tickets to the seaside issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 31, June 1 and 2, will be extended to Wednesday, June 5. Special Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe. On Saturday, June 1, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service and also by the fixed night express service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 30 to June 3 inclusive. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. On Saturday, June 1, the first of the season cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing. On Whit Sunday and Monday day trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Senford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace for the special holiday entertainments on Whit Monday, Tuesday, and following days. On Whit Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

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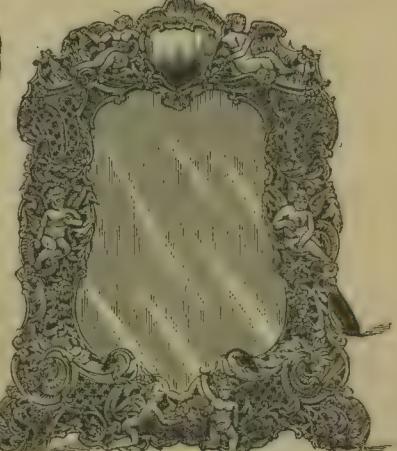
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EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Corpulent people will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. The author of this pamphlet guarantees a reduction in weight in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. The author advises his readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because they ought to know. On sending cost of postage (6d.) a book "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store St., Bedford Square, London, W.C.

The following are some extracts from Press notices:

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN CORPULENCY.
A Mr. Russell, author and specialist in obesity, has experimentally tried the effect of administering large doses to moderate-lean persons of his well-known herbal discovery, which is so marvellously effectual in reducing superfluous fat, with the result that there is not the slightest alteration or diminution of weight recorded, thereby proving conclusively to our minds that it is only the unhealthy adipose waste tissue which is destroyed, for after dispensing a few fluid ounces of his remarkable vegetable compounds he succeeds in destroying the diseased fatty mass at the rate of from 2 lb. to even 12 lb. in seven days. There can be no ambiguity about it, for any person can test this for themselves by standing on a weighing-machine. He explains that all lean persons carry a certain amount of fat necessary for the natural production of heat in the body; but Nature has only stored up her requisite stock in the healthy system, which she most jealously guards, and thus declines to part with an ounce to the persuasions of Mr. Russell's vegetable tonic, however immoderate the dose may be, which testifies abundantly to the fact that it is only a chemical solvent of insalubrious adipose tissue. There is no doubt that the inventor of the composition must have possessed a profound vegetal knowledge in selecting this simple but peculiar combination.

Those who resort to the pernicious products of the mineral kingdom, or even the deleterious sections of the vegetable world, doubtless can decoct something powerful but injurious in its action; such, however, require no laudatory commendation; but Mr. Russell (we herewith append his address: Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, price 6d., stamps, post free), makes no secret of the simplicity of his treatment, and avers that the decoction can be drunk as a refreshing summer drink, pleasant to the palate, yet having sufficient effect, although perfectly harmless, to remove generally 2 lb. or more in twenty-four hours. We think stout persons would do well to send for his book, which can be obtained at the address given above.—*Leeds Times*, Dec. 1, 1894.

SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstinence was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar-cruet, and succeeds only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic trouble which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite be appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from two pounds to twelve pounds per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but on the contrary he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get this book, the price of which is only 6d. It is entitled, "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is published by him at Woburn House, 27, Store Street, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller.—*The Million*.

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.
It is a matter for congratulation that obesity is taking its proper place as a disease, and is receiving that scientific attention which it has long lacked. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is astonishing how long we go on perpetuating error, and how difficult it is to make people disbelieve anything, no matter how palpably false the principle, if it has become at all firmly fixed in the public mind. These facts with regard to obesity, however, are so obvious that there ought to be no difficulty about their acceptance when once they become known; and, as a matter of fact, the immense number of persons who have already acknowledged their truth by recording the benefits received from Mr. Russell's treatment is simply wonderful. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book, "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), only costs 6d., post free, and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really worth reading.—*Southport Visitor*.

TO METAMORPHOSE FAT PERSONS.

We were reading in the *Penny Illustrated Paper* how to reduce obesity, wherein it says in that very excellent publication: "The corpulent will be glad to learn how to lose two stone in about a month, with benefit to health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular fact that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. The Book, 'Corpulency and the Cure' (256 pages), containing the 'recipe,' can be had gratis from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square; London, W.C., by sending cost of postage, six-pence." We had the curiosity to send to this specialist, and found to our surprise that he had discovered a simple herbal remedy, most pleasant to the taste, which entirely disposed of the necessity of starving oneself if he wished to be rid of all superfluous matter. To lean persons the medicine is absolutely inoperative, attacking only that unhealthy, disease-creating waste accumulation, which is the burden of the fat creature's existence. In the case of corpulency, if a simple remedy undertakes to reduce a person, say 7 lb. in a week, all that one has to do is to get weighed, and thus prove it conclusively. So it is with Mr. Russell's compound; but he asks you to prove it in twenty-four hours only.—*Coventry Standard*, Jan. 18, 1895.

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PARLIAMENT.

The Selborne episode has ended in the issue of the writ for West Edinburgh. The Special Committee reported that Lord Selborne had succeeded to the peerage in the usual way, and had therefore ceased to be a member of the House of Commons; so after an unavailing protest from Mr. Curzon, the little cabal of the Eldest Sons against the dreaded summons to the House of Lords was finally annihilated. As Mr. Brodrick obtained the discharge of the Bill which represented the views entertained by himself, Lord Selborne, and Mr. Curzon, it may be assumed that no more will come of the matter. So the Upper House has escaped from the singular pitfall which some of its youthful but not too discreet friends had innocently dug for it. The Ministerial programme is labouring heavily in the trough of delay. Progress with the Welsh Bill is painfully slow, and Mr. Asquith has had one narrow escape from disaster. Ardent Welshmen were anxious to have a popular Welsh Council to administer the Act instead of the Commission proposed by the Government. The Home Secretary resisted Mr. Lloyd George's amendment. By a skilful move on the part of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Opposition forces were ranged in support of Mr. Lloyd George. If Disestablishment and Disendowment had to come, argued Sir Michael, why should not the process be superintended by a council representative of Welsh sentiment? For a while it looked as if the amendment would be carried. Perceiving the danger, Mr. Lloyd George first tried to retreat; and when this was not allowed, he and his friends voted with the Government against the amendment, and gave Mr. Asquith a shadowy majority of ten. In the course of the same debate the majority fell to nine. Ministers have the advantage of four vacant seats on the Opposition side; but, on the other hand, they have lost the vote of Dr. Maegregor, who has resigned his seat for Inverness-shire because Sir William Harcourt will not devote the Government time to the Scotch Crofters Bill. Dr. Maegregor's farewell to the House of Commons was a dramatic incident. Receiving an unsatisfactory assurance from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he retorted, "That is not good enough for me!" took his hat, and marched out of the House, making a profound obeisance to the Chair. Of this precarious stuff are Liberal majorities made. The Budget Bill was read a second time without a division. Mr. Arnold Morley agreed to the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the grievances of Post-Office employés.

The British Administration of Nyassaland, so ably established and conducted by Mr. H. H. Johnston, has, by the action of his deputy, Mr. Sharpe, achieved another brilliant and useful exploit. A notorious slave-trading and raiding native chief, named Kawinga, who two months ago committed some outrages upon tribes under British protection, and recently attacked the Scotch Kirk missionary station of Domasi, has been defeated by the few Sikh troops brought from India, with a small piece of field artillery,

delivering the station from peril, after which Kawinga's army was pursued by Captains Manning and Hamilton to the enemy's headquarters, and his power seems to be quite subdued. The locality is in the mountain region south of Lake Nyassa, not far from Blantyre.

It must have been distinctly encouraging to the leaders of the Liberal party to hear that Mr. James Williamson, M.P., went to the expense of chartering a special train from Lancaster to London in order to take part in the divisions on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. This energetic M.P. was paired with Lieutenant-General Feilden, and on his death was free to vote with his party.

An exhibition of the birthday presents recently given to Prince Bismarck, which number about two thousand articles, of great variety, has been opened in the Leipzigerstrasse, at Berlin. He received on May 20 a deputation of eight hundred Rhinelanders, with the civic freedom of sixty-two towns.

The reported death of the King of Ashantee has been authoritatively denied. It would, to some extent, have ended the grievances of those unfortunate gentlemen now in this country who claim to be envoys. They must be regretting their long journey, with its failure to accomplish the objects with which they set forth.

M. Stambouloff, being in bad health, desires to leave his native land in order to "take the waters" at some health resort on the Continent. There has, however, been raised a difficulty as regards granting this ex-Premier his passport, owing to the Parliamentary Commission not having concluded its inquiries into the charges against M. Stambouloff.

The Italian Finance Minister, Signor Savelli, in a speech at Savona, states that the alarming rumours of an immense Treasury deficit are somewhat exaggerated. He reckons that for the ensuing year, after the intended stoppage of Government railway and other costly public works, the actual deficit will be 27,000,000 lire, or £1,200,000. The various sources of revenue yield good returns, and new taxes are imposed on gas, electric lighting, and matches but Italy will not be left in the dark.

The concert given at the Queen's Hall was very pleasant, and introduced two artists of some value—Miss Laura Burnham, an American soprano, and Miss Ada Crossley, an Australian contralto. Both met with substantial success. Another favourite with the audience was Miss Muriel Elliot, the young pianist who last year made her début. The piece chosen by her—a concert étude by Tausig—played for the first time in England, is an enormously difficult work, and puts a tax on the left hand that few artists could bear. The difficulties seemed rather to delight the youthful pianist, whose remarkable technique was displayed in the *tour de force* she executed. A new song, "The Lute-Player," by Miss Frances Allitsen is charmingly written, and met with a cordial reception.

THE OPERA.

On Wednesday, May 16, Tamagno gave us at Covent Garden a magnificently attractive reading of *Jean de Leyden*. The time has come when we may no longer legitimately and with any remnant of self-respect dismiss Meyerbeer into space with a cheap and easy sneer. We have to acknowledge him as an extremely effective writer of melodrama, even if he was nothing else—which he was. And "*Le Prophète*" remains an example of his extraordinary powers of melodramatic writing. Given the singer and the suitable *entourage*, and given the fact that one quite knows the exact limitations of the music, it is possible to enjoy our Meyerbeer still. And Signor Tamagno was indeed the singer. His wonderful singing of the Banner Song evoked loud and long applause from an audience which till that moment had been peculiarly apathetic and dull. The Cathedral Scene was really mounted with great gorgeousness; and the orchestra, without being brilliant, was useful and adequate. The chorus was energetic, but it was essentially a Tamagno night.

On the Thursday the programme was quieter, with performances of "*I Pagliacci*" and "*Philémon et Baucis*." Madame Fanny Moody gave to the part of Nedda all the charm of her own attractive personality, but she is scarcely strong enough for the character. Signor de Lucia was, of course, triumphant.

On Friday a passable performance of "*Lohengrin*" with Signor Bertran, from La Scala, in the title-part. He was evidently nervous, and the novelty of his surroundings had doubtless helped to confuse him; but his singing was refined and occasionally exquisite. Moreover, his ear is perfect. He never sings out of tune.

Saturday night was again made memorable by Signor Tamagnò, whose amazing performance of "*Di Quella Pira*" might, under less happy architectural conditions, have snapped the roof of Covent Garden. It was, indeed, a magnificent achievement, and deserved all the applause it received. The whole opera, however, was extremely well done.

On Monday, May 20, a special performance (by desire) of "*Fra Diavolo*" was interesting, gay, and sufficiently frivolous. Miss Marie Engle's Zerlina was excellent, and, under the circumstances, refined. Mr. David Bispham was a capital Lord Roeburg, and Madame Amadi's Lady Pamela had a touch of comedy in it. Signor di Lucia's *Fra Diavolo* was perhaps the least interesting feature of the performance, admirable actor and singer though he undoubtedly is.

The French troops in Madagascar are encountering other difficulties besides the opposition of the natives. The rainy season has caused mortality among the French soldiers, and rendered many of them *hors de combat*.

A memorial of Mrs. Siddons, the great tragic actress, is to be erected at her grave in the old burial-ground of St. Mary's, Paddington. Mr. Henry Irving on May 17 attended and addressed a local meeting of its promoters at the Vestry Hall in Harrow Road.

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"AM I YOUR BIRD? I MEAN TO SHIFT MY BUSH."—TAMING OF THE SHREW.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

I have lately learnt a new fact about the Cu Cu: I am seriously assured—that he is a bird of ill-omen. I was visiting Maria Games, struck down with somewhat serious symptoms. Her aunt was sitting by the bedside. Twenty yards or so from the window stands an old ash with a dead branch, looking gaunt and forbidding. Suddenly the familiar voice greeted us—"Cu Cu! Cu Cu! Cu Cu!" I went to the window, looked out, and saw the bird moving about in its restless way, calling and calling, again and again; then away it flew, its voice seeming to gather strength in its flight till it disappeared from the view. When I turned round from the window I saw Aunt Jane with both her hands up to her ears. "Has he stopt, Sir?" I nodded. Then she took her hands down. "Oh, Sir! I can't abear that bird!" She looked scared and mysterious. She followed me downstairs to the door. "I doubt we shall never keep our M'roiah! My husband is quite upset wi' it; he says he'd like to borrow a gun; he can't abear it neither. Two years ago that bird came just in the same way, and then father died; and last year that came again, and my baby died; and now it's always here, and you may depend M'roiah'll go next. Some folks call

him the coffin bird, and I'm thinking they're right, Sir—I can't abear it!"

Hereupon I laughed lightly, "Afraid of a Cu Cu? Why, he's only crowing... He is only calling to the other Cu Cus to come and fight him if they dare. That sort of bird is a poor, forlorn sort of a thing. There are half-a-dozen cocks for every hen, and so the cocks won't let the hen have a house of her own, and they hunt her about, and they never give her a chance of bringing up her family as decent mothers should. But as to coffins, pooh! They know nothing about coffins; unless you mean that Cu Cu sounds like a cough."

Aunt Jane was more than incredulous; she was irritated by my scepticism. Then, in a vain attempt to comfort her, I told her how, a year ago, I was driving on a certain road, and checked my horse as we were going up a hill, when, lo! almost within reach of my whip a Cu Cu lit upon the fence and called to me as I passed, and I told her how it followed me for some minutes, passing and lighting on the rails, and staring at me quite close, and, as it were, talking to me, till I pulled up to look more closely at it, and then it flew away. The good woman was awestruck. "What, on dead wood, Sir?" "Dead wood! Why, it was a rotten old post and rail fence." "Wasn't you afraid, Sir?" "No, I was not afraid, and no harm came to me, and I wished I could see that Cu Cu again. As for killing the poor bird, let her tell her husband from me that mischief would be sure to come of that. Certain sure. I

wouldn't have the man to kill a Cu Cu, I wouldn't. Let him be warned in time!"

I believe and hope that I have saved that Cu Cu's life for once... You don't know how solemnly I can speak when I try. But has anyone else ever heard of the *coffin bird*? And is the funereal character which this name seems to have given him to be accounted for by his being called in some places the *coughing bird*? The name and the ill-omens attached to his appearance are, at any rate, quite new to me.

I am afraid my poor jackdaws have suffered very severely this winter. I have not seen one wheeling round the church-tower this spring; and I cannot account for the fact that never once during the hard winter did a single jackdaw come down to our feeding-ground. But our thrushes and blackbirds are quite multitudinous, and I am sure they ought to be, for the bushels of provender that have been provided for them in various forms are past telling. A great neighbour of mine was lamenting the other day that hardly a thrush was to be seen in his park. "How often did they feed them?" "Never missed a day," was the reply. "Every day after breakfast." Alas! woe to the bird that has one meal a day, and only one, when the snow is eighteen inches deep on the ground and the thermometer below zero! Fancy you and me being satisfied with afternoon tea—one cup, with two pieces of thin bread-and-butter—to keep body and soul together for four-and-twenty hours, and that

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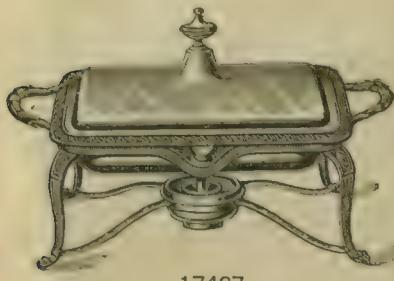
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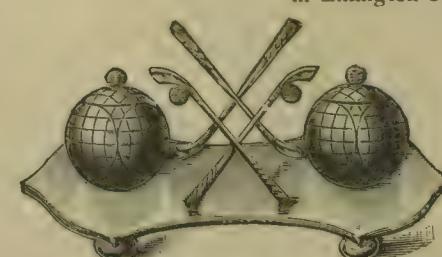
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things of the past. One day, two summers ago, the door of his cage and the window were both left open, and he vanished. What weeping there would have been if there had been children in the house! As it was, we were only very silent—a little gulpy, and curiously disinclined to look one another in the face. Eight-and-forty hours later came hopeful tidings. One of our cottagers two miles off had captured a "yaller sparrer," and had got it in a basket.

It was eventide, but a horse was harnessed and a man sent for it with the dog-cart, and a cage with him, and in half an hour back came our little Pippi, only just alive, and unable to stand. The man had seen the poor bird, who had taken refuge in a barn, faint and frightened of course, and in the excitement of the chase had put his big-booted foot upon the poor thing, and so secured his prey. We did what we could, but he has only one foot left, and that has no more than three claws, one behind and two in front. You see I spare you technicalities, but the other leg is footless and sadly maimed. Well! well! That's nearly two years ago, and as I write he is singing his old gentle song—that bird never screamed a *scream* in his life—and he must be happy after a fashion, for he sings from morn to dewy eve, but he has never *trusted* me since that sad occurrence with the outer world and that enlarged experience of man and his ways. He bids me good morning regularly; sometimes he speaks to me with an air of half-forgiving tolerance; but he cannot forget that I am human, and in his heart of hearts I verily believe he thinks, and cannot

get rid of the conviction, that I set that shepherd to tread upon him; and let me and mine say what we will, his opinion is that all men are alike—some a good deal worse, but none much better than beasts of prey.

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The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making special arrangements so that trains may be dispatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge stations direct to their racecourse station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand. Passengers will also be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) station, by certain direct trains, to the Epsom Downs station, and by others, changing at Clapham Junction into the special fast trains from Victoria to the Epsom Downs station. And for the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland counties, arrangements have been made with the several railway companies to issue through tickets to the racecourse station from all their principal stations via Kensington (Addison Road) or Victoria, to which stations the trains of the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland railways are now running. Passengers will also be booked through to the Epsom town station by trains from Liverpool Street, Shoreditch, and East London Line stations, via New Cross and Peckham Rye Junctions.

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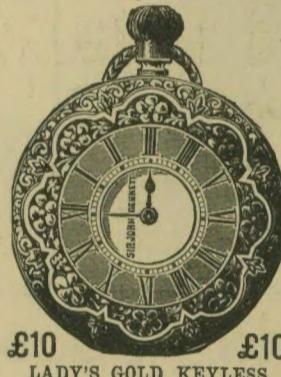
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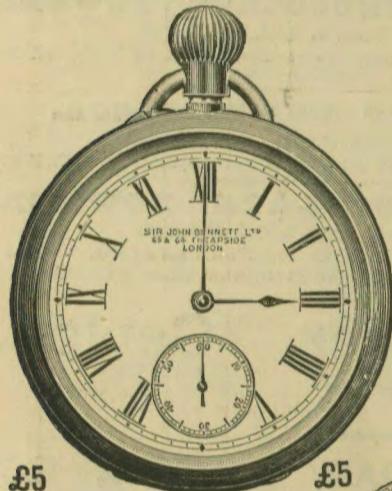
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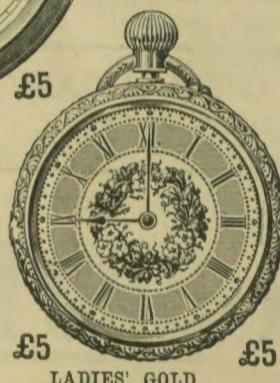
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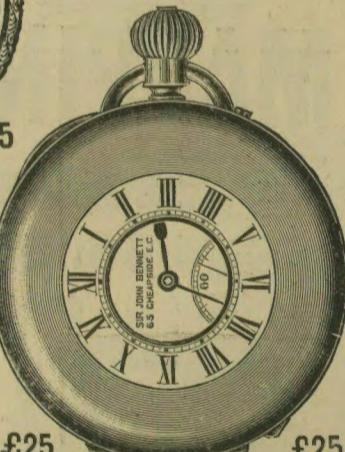
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THE ANTISEPTIC AND PERFUMED SALINE
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Is most cooling, soothing, and refreshing for the face and arms of all exposed to the hot sun and dust. It prevents and

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Prevents hair falling off or becoming dry in hot weather; also sold in a Golden Colour. Bottles 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d.

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BO

SIR HENRY RAEURN.

Life of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A. By W. Raeburn Andrew. (W. H. Allen. Second edition.)—This is only a reprint of a biography which originally appeared about ten years ago, at the time when attention was called to Raeburn by a display of several of his works at Burlington House. The apparent reason for the republication of the work at the present time is the revival of the interest in Raeburn by the exhibition of his pictures at the Grafton Gallery. In the interval between the two editions a good deal of fresh information has been made known about Raeburn's life, and a juster estimate of his place in art has been arrived at. It is to be regretted that his great-grandson has not availed himself of these fresh materials, by means of which the somewhat scanty details

of the original work might have been amplified. The publication of Sir Walter Scott's private journal—to name one only of the books which have appeared in the interval—would alone have furnished many side-lights upon Raeburn and his surroundings. His life extended from 1756 to 1823, an eventful period in the history of British painting, and although Raeburn, as is now generally admitted, brought little originality into his art, he was an adept in seizing the secrets and methods of other men, and could turn them to profitable account. We find him thus by turns reflecting the dignity of Reynolds, the grace of Romney, and, at a later period, with equal ease the fashionable "Byronism" of Sir Thomas Lawrence. It must not, however, be supposed that Raeburn was only a mannerist; he had an undoubted command of his brush, and knew how to make his sitters look their best, and to assume the most

"Scottish" airs; for, above all things, he liked to maintain the national type in both his men and women. It is for this reason that he is especially interesting as a portrait-painter, and the same cause would make his life an attractive one, if written by one who could bring back to our eyes the genial and brilliant society of Edinburgh at the beginning of this century. This his biographer has failed to do.

WHITSUNTIDE ON THE CONTINENT.

The Hook of Holland route to the Continent via Harwich.—Special return tickets will be issued via Harwich to Amsterdam for its International Exhibition on Friday and Saturday, May 31 and June 1. Through carriages run to Berlin and Cologne from the Hook of Holland, reaching those cities the same day. Tours have been arranged via the Harwich-Antwerp route, including Brussels (for the field of Waterloo) and the Ardennes. Passengers leaving on Friday or Saturday, May 31 or June 1, reach the Ardennes the next afternoon, and can return on Monday in time to reach London early on Tuesday morning.

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12 CURLERS IN BOX FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.
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cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
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By the Steam-ship GARONNE, 3276 tons register, leaving London as under—for the NORWAY FIORES and NORTH CAPE, June 12, for twenty-eight days. At the most northerly point of this Cruise the sun will be above the horizon at midnight. For the NORWAY FIORES July 13, for fifteen days; Aug. 3, for fifteen days. For COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, the BALTIK CANAL, &c., Aug. 27, for twenty-nine days. String Band, Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, high-class Cuisine, Managers { F. GREEN and Co. } Head Offices, ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co. } Fenchurch Avenue, For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.; or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Should be used in every household, as for the complexion.

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Toilet Lanoline 6d & 1/-
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IMPURE BLOOD

GREAT mental agony must necessarily be endured by parents who see their children suffering from diseases caused by impure blood. But, on the other hand, every parent should know that

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Purifies and enriches the blood, by expelling the foul humors and all impurities from the system, and restores the diseased skin to fresh and healthy color. It acts directly on the blood, liver, kidneys, and bowels. The following should be read with profit by all persons who suffer as above:

"My daughter suffered terribly with the worst form of skin disease, called by the doctors Eczema. I employed three different doctors in two years, neither of whom ever got further than offering a little temporary relief. I finally tried your C. A. Vogeler's Curative Compound, and in less than two months my daughter was

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If Mrs. Relland had used the Compound two years before, her daughter might have been saved from a great amount of suffering. Let others take warning!—don't wait until after the doctors have failed, but take the Compound first and there will be no need for doctors.

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